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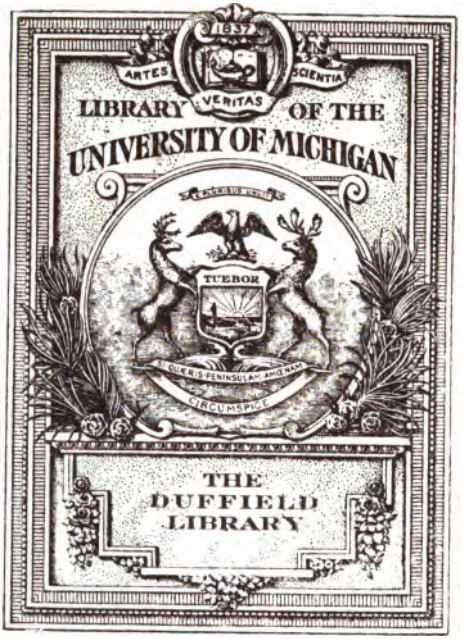

THE GIFT OF
THE TAPPAN PRESBY-
TERIAN ASSOCIATION

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A MEMOIR

OF

MRS. JUDITH S. GRANT,

LATE MISSIONARY TO PERSIA.

BY

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days."

NEW YORK:

J. WINCHESTER, 30 ANN-STREET.

1844.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New York, in the year of our Lord 1844, by J. WINCHESTER.

Gift
Toppan Prob. Ass.
11-7-1931

DEDICATION.

To the Rev. Arthur Burtis:

My Dear Sir:

I cannot allow the following Memoir of Mrs. Grant to go forth without a formal acknowledgment of your long, constant and enlightened friendship for her. To your example and advice she attributed much of what was worthy of commendation in her own brief career. To you, therefore, I dedicate this little volume. That your life may be long spared to your family and to the Church, and your usefulness increase with increasing years, is the sincere wish of your attached friend

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

New York, May, 1844.

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PREFACE.

Αἴ, αἴ ταὶ μαλάχαι μὲν ἐπὰν κατὰ κᾶπον ὄλωνται
Ὕστερον αἴ ζώοντι, καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φόοντι·
Ἄμμες δ' αἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροι, ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
Ὁππότε πρῶτα θάνομες, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλᾳ
Εὕδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.
Καὶ οὺ μὲν ἐν σιγᾷ κεκευκασμένος ἔσσεαι ἐν γᾷ.

MOSCHUS—*Epitaph on Bion.*

Alas, alas, the fading plants, that in the garden lie,
In after time they live again, and bloom, once more to die:
But we, the great, the strong, the wise, when once beneath the ground,
We sleep the long and wakeless sleep, the sleep that knows no bound:
Thus thou art slumbering now in earth, with silence wrapt around.

SUCH was the affecting lamentation of one of the sweet poets of ancient days, over the grave of his friend. He was alive to the beauties of nature. The varied seasons as they rolled—the changes of external nature, passed not unobserved by him; but they furnished no lessons as to man's

future destiny. He saw the vine and the olive-tree, clothed with the verdure of spring, and bearing the rich fruits of autumn, stripped by the frosts of winter only to reäppear in all their original freshness and beauty. In the darkness of his understanding, and in his ignorance of a future state, he saw man passing away to awake no more; thus affording another illustration of the great scriptural truth, "that the world by wisdom knew not God." What emotions might have crowded upon the mind of that pastoral poet, could the scenes of futurity have been opened, even imperfectly, to his view! How would he have been enraptured, could the great apostle to the Gentiles have sounded in his ear, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must

put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." He would have learned that, while in returning spring the plants of the garden revive only to decay and die in the succeeding autumn, immortal man, breathed upon by the spirit of his Maker, having once tasted death in the body, shall be raised again to bloom and flourish in perpetual youth and beauty.

Such reflections are perhaps not inappropriate, when entering upon a sketch of the life of one of the heralds of that revelation which hath brought immortality to light, to those who walk in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death.

It is a singular fact in the history of the Christian religion, that the dwellers in this western world—in this portion, as compared with Asia, of "earth's remotest bound"—should be engaged in spreading the great truths of Christianity in that land which

was the cradle of the human race. No inhabitant of this continent was numbered among the Parthians and the Medes, the Jews and the Gentiles, who were gathered together at the great day of Pentecost. Yet the Christians of America are preaching the gospel to the people of Jerusalem, and are seeking out the remnant of the children of Israel upon the plains and amid the fastnesses of ancient Assyria. While engaged in that great and interesting work, the subject of this memoir laid down her life. She fell, the first of that little band who are seeking to kindle up the flame of a genuine philosophy, and to revive the slumbering spirit of Christianity, in central Asia—in that region where the Magi of Persia taught, and where the standard of the Cross was planted by the early Christians, if not by the disciples of our Saviour. Corruptions and errors have crept into the Nestorian church; but the Nestorian Christians deserve the prayers, and sympathies, and assistance of

Evangelical Christendom, for their long and arduous struggle against Paganism and Mahomedanism. While all around him has changed—while kingdoms and dynasties have been overturned, and creeds and sects swept into oblivion, the Nestorian has preserved his church; and though the fire upon his altar has burned with a flickering light, it has been kept alive from age to age, and has never entirely gone out amid his fastnesses in the wild mountains and valleys of Koordistan.

The following memoir may have some additional interest growing out of the field of missionary labor of Mrs. GRANT. When Dr. Grant was last in the United States, he placed in my hands the private journal of his deceased wife, and I have drawn largely from it. It commences at a comparatively early period of her life; and, so far as used, has been ex-

tracted, word for word, as written down by her at the time. Her letters, too, are given without alteration, though they are all private letters; many of them written to her father, and never intended for publication.

MEMOIR OF MRS. GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since a school-boy was trudging along through the snows, and ever and anon turning round to shield his face for a time from the fierce cutting blasts of wind which swept the gorge through which he was passing. It was in the midst of a northern winter. The snow was deep in the valleys, and covered over all the mountains with its white mantle. The morning sun had risen clear, and its rays were reflected in various hues from the ice-bound trees, and sparkled and played upon the crusted snow which lay upon the hill-side. In a little back-parlor, of a small cottage-house, in the village of Cherry Valley, lit up by this bright sun, and warmed by a blazing wood fire, a female child of about twelve months old, was sitting upon the carpet, and making glad with its merry laugh the hearts of those who had adopted it as their own, and who from thence forward were to bear the name of father and mother. The school-boy entered rubbing his hands and ears, which were almost stiffened with the

cold, and his eyes for the first time fell upon the laughing child. That child was Judith Sabrina Lathrop, the adopted daughter of Dr. William Campbell, and a niece of his wife, and the subject of this memoir; and that school-boy is the writer, who in the following pages has endeavored to do justice only, while he pays a tribute of affection to his early companion, his friend and his kinswoman.

Judith S. Lathrop was born on the 12th of January, 1814, in the town of Rutland, in the county of Jefferson, state of New-York. Her father was Erastus Lathrop, and her mother's maiden name was Judith Crafts, a sister of the late Alfred Crafts of Cherry Valley, and of Erastus Crafts, Esquire, of Laurens, in the county of Otsego. Mrs. Lathrop died when Judith was but a few days old, and upon her dying bed she commended her infant child to the care and protection of her sister, Mrs. Sabrina Campbell, wife of Dr. William Campbell. At about the age of twelve months, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell removed Judith to their own home, and having no children of their own, they formally adopted her, conferring upon her their own family surname. Mrs. Campbell was eminently fitted to train her up in the way she should go. Gifted with a strong and vigorous intellect, which was well cultivated by study and reflection—a woman of ardent piety and unbounded benevolence and charity, her heart yearned toward her orphan niece, and she early commenced teaching her the ways of learning, of virtue, and above all, of everlasting truth and righteousness. Her education, however, was principally directed by her father, and was intended by him to be of the most thorough

kind known in our schools. She was early placed in the classical and mathematical classes in the academy, and, in all her studies, exhibited great aptness and power. It is due to the cause of truth, however, to state that, while she made great progress in her studies, she was a wayward child, and, while her intellectual developments were striking, and commanded attention and respect, she exhibited but few of those amiable traits which adorned her character in after life. Over her childish faults and errors, her mother prayed with ardor and fidelity, and her prayers were answered. A gradual change took place, and the wayward child advanced toward womanhood, an amiable and affectionate daughter, loving and beloved by her friends. That mother did not live to see her daughter make a public profession of the Christian faith, but she lived to see her exhibiting many traits of the Christian character.

In 1830, Judith was sent to the school at Brooklyn, New-York, then under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Van Doren. Up to this period, she had been a regular attendant at the school in Cherry Valley, and was gradually developing a strong moral and intellectual character.

It was in the spring of the following year that the incidents occurred which are so graphically set forth, in the following extract from the pen of that somewhat eccentric, though right-minded old man, Grant Thorburn, known as a writer by his signature of *Laurie Todd.* His kind heart perhaps dimmed his sight, as he has given to the little Genessee girl more personal charms than fell to her lot. But if not beautiful, she was certainly attractive and interesting; and her bright, intelligent countenance was

well calculated to impress a stranger strongly in her behalf.

THE GENESEE GIRL,

AND HER LITTLE RED BOOK.

"One tremendous cold morning in the month of February, one thousand eight hundred and * * * or so —a month or a year, more or less, makes no difference, as the story is certain, and the interpretation thereof true —we left Hoboken, fifteen of us, stowed close and well packed, in a large stage with wheels, besides a very neat coach which held only four. I was very politely asked to step into this coach, and, so foolish was I, and ignorant, that I thought this same fine close carriage would carry me all the way, through thick and through thin, whither I was bound, even to the State House in Albany. In two short hours my eyes were opened. We stopped at Hackensack, at a tavern, grocery, grog-shop and post-office, all under one concern; (by-the-by, those mail-bags are a great grievance, stopping every few miles on the road, in a cold night.) Here we were to change horses. Our grog-selling postmaster began to bluster and swear. He had neither carriages covered nor uncovered, in which to forward so many passengers. He said the *Jockey Club* in New-York took all the money, and gave him all the trouble. "In short," says he, "except you remain here till 4 P. M., you must go on with such conveyance as I can furnish." Here one of our passen-

gers, a great black-whiskered fellow, told the landlord to his face, "he would rather stay in h—— till 4 o'clock, than stop in such an abominable rum-hole." As we applied to our Hoboken driver, he said his orders were to *drop* us at Hackensack, and bring back the carriages; and, sure enough, he turned about, and back he went. Looking at our commodious carriages on their return, a passenger remarked, "These are kept as *decoy-ducks*;" I thought, in our case, they had decoyed geese, for no person with brains ought to expect any good thing to come out of Jersey. Here we were detained nearly an hour; I stepped into the bar-room—a large place; in the centre stood an old-fashioned ten-plate stove, surrounded by fifteen large, lazy-looking fellows; on the stove (which was very hot) stood a number of pots, pitchers, mugs and jars of beer, brandy, ale and cider; some, running over with the heat, made a hissing noise, and the fumes which rose to the ceiling and intermixed with clouds of pipe and segar smoke, rebounded again on the heads of the smokers, nearly shutting out the light of day, and bringing to mind the midnight revels of Macbeth's witches dancing around the infernal fire, and Satan standing on the edge of the cauldron, stirring the ingredients of their incantations. Oh, how I wished for the powers, pencil and canvas of Hogarth! I would have daubed those fellows into lasting shame.

We were now sent forward in the following order, viz.: two in an open chair, or sulky, four in a light wagon, and eight in a common Jersey farming wagon—all the machines being without covers. It now commenced raining; and, by the time we got to the next stage, we

looked like moving pillars of salt, our hats, cloaks and coats being covered to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch with ice transparent. At the town of —— we changed the mail, dried our clothes, and got something to warm us. As we went north, the sleighing got better, and we were placed in a covered box with runners; but, alas! it was like the man's lantern without a candle—the cover was of white-wood boards, placed a quarter of an inch apart, without *paint, leather* or *canvas,* to protect them from the weather! You will here observe that seventy-five cents worth of canvas, twenty-five cents worth of paint, and half an hour of time, would have made this machine both air and water-tight; but in Jersey, time, cents, and every comfort, seemed all swallowed up with the rum-jugs and the ten-plate stoves. We travelled all night, the rain and snow descending through the roof; our hats were frozen to our capes, and our cloaks to one another. When we stopped at the village of —— for breakfast, we looked like mountains of ice moving down the gulf stream. I thought the machine used at the Dry Dock would have been an excellent appendage here, to have lifted us bodily into the breakfast-room; and this is what the horse-flesh fraternity, in New-York, advertise as their *safe, cheap, comfortable* and *expeditious* winter establishment for Albany. On the road, I saw delicate women hewing wood and drawing water; children in the snow, without shoes or stockings; while the lazy, drunken husband and father was spending his time and money by the *ten-plate stove.* I thought the very brute creation of Jersey were groaning in pain under the wickedness of the men; horses and cows stood trembling

by the board-fence, their bones sticking through their hide-bound skins, without the slightest covering to protect them from the piercing winds. Cedar-poles and brush were there in abundance; but the men were chained to the *ten-plate stoves*, when they ought to have been raising a shelter for their dumb beasts.

Among our passengers was a young woman, who, from her appearance, I thought must be about seventeen. Having finished her education in New-York, she was returning to her friends in the West, and was under the protection of a young man, who, from his polite, yet cool attentions, I thought must be nearer related to her than *cousin*. Had she been a witness at the Hall, the papers would have said that she was a very *interesting young lady;* but, as I do not quite understand the phrase in this connection, it is as well to say at once, that she was a handsome young woman. Most of this day's journey, there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio—a man of sound principles; and who, by his observations, must have seen much of men and their manners. On her left sat a young man about twenty-two, in the vigor of life and health, whiskered to the mouth and eyes, (observe, this was not her protector.) Our farmer, in answer to a question by a passenger, when speaking of the inhabitants of the new settlements, observed, that wherever there was a church and a stated minister, the people, for five or six miles around, were more orderly, circumspect, and sober, than were those who did not enjoy this privilege. This remark drew forth the tongue, the learning, and the eloquence of our young hero of the whiskers. He had been to college, and was studying law in New-

York; he spoke long and loud about priestcraft and witchcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the Bible of Mahomet was better than the Acts of the Apostles. He said the stories about hell and the devil were only invented to scare the ignorant, and that death, at the worst, was only a *leap in the dark*; but, ah! this leap in the dark! We little thought we were so near the precipice, and that, in a few minutes, our courage would be put to the test. It had rained for the last twelve hours; and the driver swore he would take to the river. We thought he was in jest; but, finding him turn in that direction, the passengers, one and all, remonstrated, but to no effect. At every stopping-place, while the horses drank water, he drank rum. He was now at that point of high pressure, that he declared he feared neither death nor the devil.

This scene took place between Newburgh and Catskill. We knew the ice was strong enough to bear a hundred sleighs, but the rain was running from the frozen hills on each side of the river, and the ice was now covered to the depth of at least two feet with water; the wind was fresh, and the waves rolled as if no ice was under. Our apprehensions arose from the danger of getting into air-holes, which could not be seen, as all appeared but one sheet of water. At this juncture, snow began to fall in broad, large flakes—so thick and so fast, that the driver could scarcely see the heads of his leaders; and, to add to our fears, the banks were so steep that we could not effect a landing for nearly a mile ahead. I looked at our farmer. I thought he must, in his travels, have encountered many dangers by field and by flood. His eye was un-

easy, startled, and twinkled with something like fear. I asked him what he thought; he thought it was very unsafe, and very imprudent. I looked at the young woman; she was pale, thoughtful and serious, but spoke not. On her lap she carried a small willow basket, the lids opening to the handle. While I was watching the effects of fear on her countenance, she took from her basket a *little red book*, about two and a half inches long, two broad, and one thick; she opened the book, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read about a minute. As she shut and replaced the book in the basket, she turned her face toward the heavens; she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. Now, reader, if you ever stood at Werckmeister's window, corner of Broadway and Liberty-street, you have seen a painting of a beautiful Italian nun at her devotions. Well, if you have seen this, you may figure to yourself the countenance of this young woman in that trying moment. As she opened her fine black eyes, the hue of fear, which, for a moment, had blanched her rosy cheeks, passed away like the shadow of a showery cloud, on the side of a green hill, on an April morning. I knew not the book, nor what words she had read; but I was sure it must have been something that she took for inspiration, and that was enough for the present case. I thought how cruel would it have been, in one of those hoary-headed philanthropists of the temple of reason, to undeceive this young woman at this critical moment, *could such a thing be possible.*

During the remainder of our perilous ride, she sat composed, but spoke not. I looked at the whiskered young man; he trembled in every limb. Ten minutes

before, he looked stout enough and fierce enough to have made the passage of Lodi on the right hand of Bonaparte—but now he sat in dismay. This *leap in the dark* took him by surprise—he was like one without hope; while she, placing her tender foot firmly on the Rock of Ages, with her hand she took a grasp upon the skies, then bid the waves roll, nor feared their idle whirl. At this moment I saw before me what I thought was Hope, and No Hope personified—Hope, in the person of this young female, who could not so much as set her foot upon the ground for very delicacy, yet she neither screamed nor wrung her hands: she neither called for smelling-bottle nor hartshorn, but sat strong in the faith of her *little red book;* and No Hope, in the person of this young man, who, from strength of body and vigor of mind, might have passed for one of the very lords of the creation; but now he sat unstrung and feeble as a child. They had taken from him his *red book*, and given him a *blank book* in its place; he had no hope. At this juncture, a passenger crept out of the sleigh and sat by the driver. What unanswerable argument he made use of, I know not; but I suspect it was in the shape of a *safety-fund note*, for in five minutes the driver and his horses returned to the earth, from whence they had lately sprung.

We stopped at the village of Catskill to dine. While they were placing the victuals on the table, I asked Miss Campbell if she would be so good as to let me look at the little red book she carried in the basket. Its title was, "*Daily Food for Christians*, being a portion of Scripture and a hymn for every day in the year, &c. Boston: printed by Perkins, 1821." I asked what portion seemed

to please her so much, while we were sleighing in the water? She said it was the text for the day—the words, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," &c. &c.; the hymn, "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take," &c. As I returned the book, says I, "Miss, there be many who say this book is all delusion."

"And what if it is? It is, at least, a *cheap*, a *comfortable*, and a very *innocent* delusion!" says she. "They may call it what they please, but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life."

CHAPTER II.

More than a hundred years since, a small band of Scotch and Irish Presbyterians penetrated the then wilderness of central New-York, and planted a settlement upon the head waters of the Susquehanna, where now is the village of Cherry Valley. Though few in number, in all not exceeding seven or eight families, they concluded to carry with them the Christian ministry. They organized there the first Presbyterian Church in the central part of the State; and, indeed, the first evangelical church of any denomination, whose ministrations and services were conducted in the English language. That church has continued to this day, and was the church with which the subject of this memoir was connected, and with which her father's family for three generations had been associated. For the first forty years the settlement was a frontier, and exposed to the perils and privations incident to such a situation; but during all that time a regular, educated and ordained ministry was supported. The war of the revolution which swept over the valley of the Mohawk, and the head waters of the Susquehanna with such terrible violence, bore along the destruction of this settlement, and involved it in the general ruin. It was after the close of the war, that a reörganization of the church took place; and the following somewhat curious extract

from the minutes of the proceedings upon that reorganization may not be uninteresting. It is inserted with the remarks of the writer, made by him in 1840, on occasion of the centennial celebration of the settlement of the town.

On the 5th of April, 1785, a public meeting of the citizens was held, the objects of which will be best explained by the record made at the time. It is as follows:

"We, the *ancient* inhabitants of Cherry Valley, in the county of Montgomery, and state of New-York, having returned from *exile*, find ourselves destitute of our church officers, viz., deacons and elders. In consequence of our difficulties, and other congregations in similar circumstances, our legislature thought proper to pass a law for the relief of these, viz., An Act to incorporate all religious societies, passed April the 6th, 1784. In compliance of said act we proceeded as follows:

ADVERTISEMENT.

At a meeting of a respectable number of the old inhabitants of Cherry Valley, it was agreed upon, that an advertisement should be set up to give notice to all the former inhabitants, that are returned to their respective habitations, to meet at the *meeting-house yard*, on Tuesday, the fifth day of April next, at ten o'clock, before noon, then and there to choose trustees, who shall be a body corporate for the purpose of taking care of the temporalities of their respective Presbyterian congregation, agreeable to an act of the Legislature of the State of New-York, passed April sixth, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

SAMUEL CLYDE,
Justice of the Peace.

Cherry Valley, March 19th, 1785.

Cherry Valley, April 5th, 1785.

1st. The Congregation being met agreeable to the above advertisement, proceeded as follows: viz., the Congregation having no Minis-

ter, nor Elders, or Deacons, at present, by reason of death and removal of such in the late war. We, the people at large, did nominate and elect the following two members of the Congregation to be the returning officers and judges of the qualification of the electors of said meeting.

COL. SAMUEL CAMPBELL,
WILLIAM DICKSON.

2nd. Proceeded as follows at the said meeting, and have nominated Col. Samuel Clyde, John Campbell, Jr., and James Wilson, to be the trustees for said congregation. The trustees appointed James Cannon as clerk for said board.

Cherry Valley, April 5th, 1785.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Cherry Valley, this day, the undermentioned were elected trustees for the Presbyterian Congregation.

SAMUEL CLYDE, ESQ.
JOHN CAMPBELL, JR.
JAMES WILSON.

Electors' names.—Robert Shankland, William Thompson, Samuel Ferguson, James Moore, Jr., John Campbell, Jr., Hugh Mitchell, William Gault, James Cannon, Samuel Campbell, Jr., Samuel Clyde, Esq., Samuel Campbell, William Dickson, James Dickson, Daniel McCollum, John McKillip, Israel Wilson, Luther Rich, James Wilson, Thomas Whitaker, Benjamin Dickson, John Dunlop.

Cherry Valley, April 5th, 1785.

To all to whom it doth or may concern, Greeting: We, Samuel Campbell and William Dickson, returning officers, by virtue of the law of this State, entitled an act to enable all the religious denominations in this State, to appoint trustees, who shall be a body corporate, for the purpose of taking care of the temporalities of their respective congregations, and for other purposes therein mentioned, passed the sixth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four, of the Presbyterian congregation of Cherry Valley, in the county of

Montgomery, do hereby certify that Samuel Clyde, John Campbell, Jr., and James Wilson, were duly and legally elected trustees of said congregation, *and that the said trustees and their successors shall for ever hereafter be a body corporate, and be called, distinguished, and known by the name and title of Trustees of the Presbyterian Church in Cherry Valley, in the County of Montgomery.*

Given under our hands and seals, this fifth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL. [L.S.]

WILLIAM DICKSON. [L.S.]

Measures were soon after taken for building a church edifice, but it was not completed until some years after. The plan adopted seems to have been to sell pew ground, and with the proceeds to erect the building, each purchaser of pew ground stipulating to construct his own pew thereon, according to a uniform plan, after the building should be inclosed. The purchaser of pew ground was to pay partly in money, and partly in produce at the market price. Many of my hearers will recollect the old church, with its square high-backed pews, which occupied a part of the burying-ground, or *meeting-house yard*, as it is styled in the foregoing proceedings, and which was taken down about twelve or thirteen years ago, when the present Presbyterian church edifice was erected.

The meeting of the inhabitants of Cherry Valley on the 5th of April, 1785, is deserving of particular attention. The remnant of the *ancient* inhabitants, as they styled themselves, had returned to their former homes. They had returned, they say, from *exile*. The long and bloody war through which they had passed, had thinned their ranks, and whitened the heads, and furrowed the cheeks, of the survivors. They had once more a home, but it was again a forest home.

The wild beast had made its lair amid the ruins of their former dwellings. The briar, the thistle, and the sapling grew rank upon their garden-spots. In the autumn of 1784, a few log huts had been built, but in the spring of 1785, when this meeting was called, there was no building in the settlement where the inhabitants could assem-

ble together. They met, therefore, like their fathers, under the open heavens.

The place where they gathered together was hallowed ground. It had been set apart for the burial of their dead. The graves of their kindred and friends were round about them. It was the place which had been consecrated by their patriotism, for there stood their little fort.

On that same spot the inhabitants assembled together, and organized anew, on the 5th day of April, 1785, that Presbyterian society which has continued to this day.

The first regular pastor was settled in 1796, and he was our reverend and distinguished guest,* who has this day honored our little valley with his presence, and who, nearly half a century ago, commenced here his sacred ministrations, and preached here the gospel to our fathers.

With this Presbyterian Church, as before remarked, Judith connected herself. She became a teacher in the Sabbath-school in the village. In the same or following year, she organized a Sabbath-school in the eastern part of the town of Cherry Valley, some three or four miles from her father's house, which she chiefly superintended herself. It was a severe task which she undertook to discharge, but she manifested then the same ardent and heroic devotion to her Master's cause, which characterized the few remaining years of her life.

The journal which has been referred to, was commenced in 1831, and the following extracts are made from it.

1831.

Believing that a frequent inquiry into the state of the heart is necessary to the spiritual health of the Christians, and that this examination may be much assisted

* Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College.

by recording the exercises of the mind at different times, I commence this journal. And oh! thou Searcher of Hearts, do thou assist me by thy spirit to make it an impartial work; enable me to sit in solemn judgment upon myself—willing to know the worst as well as the best of my case. Oh! do thou grant that I may not be deceived with regard to my situation. May I search my heart and know it, whether I am thine or not. Daily and hourly do I discover some more of the hidden evils of my heart, so prone to wander from God, who is the fountain of life, and be occupied with forbidden objects. It makes me feel more sensibly how impatient we are without the grace of God. Our hearts are utterly incapable of one good thought without it. 'T is to God I am indebted for every enjoyment. If I have any desires after holiness, and longings of soul after righteousness, it all proceeds from him who is my refuge, the rock of my salvation, and my God; in him alone rest my hopes of salvation. To him, as reconciled in Christ, do I come for forgiveness.

April 2nd.

Have suffered much to-day from evil thoughts: they will constantly suggest themselves to my mind. This sometimes leads me to doubt the reality of the change. Oh! when shall I be entirely free from these suggestions of the enemy of souls, and have my heart filled with love to God and devotedness to his cause? I have passed another week, and am brought to "the confines of holy time." Have I made any advancement in holiness this week? Have I felt an increased attachment to God and his service? Am I more anxious for the welfare of the souls of those around me? Have I mortified any of the

lusts of the flesh? renounced any besetting sin? denied myself anything for Christ? Oh! that I could answer these questions satisfactorily to my conscience. To-morrow I anticipate commemorating for the first time the dying love of my Saviour—to confess my own insufficiency and the exceeding riches and fullness of Christ. Have I sufficiently counted the cost of following Christ? Am I willing to endure the cross? suffer the same for the sake of following him? Have I renounced the world and all its vanities, and taken God in Christ as the satisfying portion of my soul? These are solemn and important questions; and oh, God! do thou enable me to answer them with sincerity, and do thou "sanctify me by truth: thy word is truth." May my motto be, "Onward!" and may I go onward in the path of duty, "trusting in the Lord, and disregarding what man can do to me."

April 3rd.

Have this day been permitted to commemorate the dying love of my Saviour for the first time, and it has been one of the most delightful days I ever experienced. I enjoyed that nearness to God and communion with Christ which I never before enjoyed. The Saviour appeared exceeding precious, as I saw him with my mental eye, hanging on the cross, and crying in the anguish of his heart, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Such humiliating views of my own heart. How delightful the feeling that, "although my sins are as scarlet, yet they will be made whiter than snow," in the blood of Christ, which "cleanseth from all sin;" that in him we can confidently trust for salvation. Ignorant as I am of the "things of Christ," yet I would not exchange this

hope of "eternal life" for worlds. Unbelief sometimes suggests, "it is all delusion;" yet I know in whom I have believed, that he is abundantly able to keep me from falling, and "present me faultless at the last great day." Oh! that I may be "faithful always." I received great pleasure from my little class; they seemed attentive, and anxious to receive instruction. How great is the responsibility devolving upon me—the eternal destiny of five immortal souls! Oh! thou great Teacher, wilt thou not grant me the instructions of thy Holy Spirit, that I may teach these children aright. May I pray much for them, and for this people. Oh! how much is a work of grace needed. Oh! hearer of prayer, bestow upon me a praying spirit. May I wrestle, and say, as did the patriarch Jacob, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

April 21st.

Am about leaving for Milford, where there is a work of grace. Oh! that I may be prepared for what is before me; may I do all things for the glory of God. Oh! that I may not injure his cause by anything that I shall do. Do thou, oh! Father of Spirits, go with me, and guide me in all my duties. May this visit prove a profitable one to my soul, and may I return laden with the riches of the Holy Spirit. Oh! that the Lord would pour out his spirit upon this people, and may many be brought from darkness to light.

April 29th.

Here am I, Lord; do whatever thou wilt with me. I desire to become anything or nothing for thy glory; this and this only is the object of my life—the glory of God;

but oh! this wicked heart of sin, it may deceive me still. Give me grace, oh, Lord! to carry on the conflict with corruption within, and temptation without. 'Tis only thy grace which can do it. Oh! enable me to fulfil my covenant vows. If I rely on my own strength they will be broken; but, "in the Son of the tribe of Judah," whose "blood cleanseth from all sin," is my dependence placed. He has said "my grace is sufficient for thee," and "my strength is made perfect in weakness." To him then, I commit myself anew—soul and body, for time and eternity, knowing that "he knows what is best for me, better than I can speak or think;" all I have are his.

May 5th.

Oh! how much do I find within my heart so opposite to the requirements of God's word. Where can such an aggravated sinner as myself be found? Search creation, and none will be found who has sinned against so much light and knowledge as I have. Yet mercy, rich abounding mercy continually follows me. Oh! for more of the blessed spirit, to feel as I ought—to pray as I ought. My faith is weak. Do thou, oh, Lord! strengthen it. May I have that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Oh! for more holiness of life, devotedness of soul. I will serve the Lord and none other. Do thou, oh, God! assist me to keep my resolution firm and unshaken.

June 2nd.

"Early in the morning will I call upon thee." All nature seems vocal with praise to God, and shall I, an intelligent creature—one who has experienced so many favors from "his hand"—withhold my tribute? Let all

my powers within me join, to praise his great and holy name—whose mercy is so great, whose anger is so slow to turn, "so ready to abate." How much ingratitude do I every day evince toward my blessed Saviour. Oh! what a hard unbelieving heart is mine.

June 5th.

Sabbath morn. Taking a review of my conduct since the last Sabbath, how little do I find in accordance with the tenor of the Gospel. I do trust that I have been enabled in some measure to perform my duty; but oh! how many have I neglected and left undone. What a wonder that I have been spared to witness another Sabbath. My wicked, wicked heart would almost rise against my God. Oh! the depravity that reigns within. The veriest wretch alive, cannot be worse. May I go to the sanctuary to-day, and enjoy a precious season, although I do not expect to meet my dear pastor; yet, oh! that I might meet my Saviour, and enjoy the light of his countenance, and sweet communion with him, and may the holy spirit descend and fill the house.

June 12th.

Sabbath. Have had a very interesting day. Mr. Cowan preached in the morning, from Luke vi. 46: "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" Such a sermon was much needed by our Church. The unfaithfulness of professors was dwelt upon. I felt that I had indeed been an unfaithful one, and deserved to be cut down as "a cumberer of the ground." I did resolve, in the strength of God, to be more faithful for the future. May I keep my resolution. I have been somewhat discontented with my situation. I wanted a wider

field of labor. Oh! how wrong. I that have been so unfaithful over a few things, how can I expect to be made ruler over many. May I never again indulge such wicked feelings, quarrelling with my God. In the afternoon, from Eccles. xii. 1: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" a very affectionate and impressive sermon. Oh! may the youth, my companions, now remember their Creator. Oh! my unfaithfulness to them. May none stumble over me into eternal perdition. May increasing prayer be made by this Church, for these youth who are to fill the stations now occupied by them. We had a refreshing shower of rain, which was very grateful to the thirsty earth. Oh! that we might have a shower of divine grace to revive these dying souls. Father of mercies, do thou grant us such a blessing that there will not be room to receive it. I have witnessed a most gracious sunset. Oh! that the Sun of Righteousness might arise with healing in his wings, and shine with his enlivening beams into these benighted souls.

July 21st.

Oh! this wicked, wicked heart—where shall I go to get rid of it. Dear Saviour, I give it into thy hands—do whatsoever "seemeth thee good." When I came to Bridgewater, I resolved that I would "be faithful," but how have I broken my resolution. I do not realize that the souls of my pupils will be required at my hands; there is so much levity in my disposition, that I constantly indulge it, not bearing continually in mind the responsibility of my station, and the need of assistance from God to fulfil it. I have a pleasant school—several of my

scholars are pious; and may the time soon come when it may be said of each one of them, "They have given their hearts to the Saviour." Oh! how little do I realize the worth of an immortal soul; ten thousand worlds are nothing in comparison. My brother Alfred hopes he is a Christian: blessed be God for this unspeakable gift. Oh! the importance and blessedness of an interest in the Saviour. What other enjoyment that does not leave a sting, except the joy of communion with our God? But yet, how little do I prize it. Could I have access at any time to any earthly monarch, with what conscious pride should I think of it—how great a share of my attention would it occupy—yet now I have the privilege of an intercourse with the Most High. Oh! for more devotedness to the cause of Christ—for more activity in his service—that I might experience the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit on my heart.

August 8th.

How does an insight of my heart affect me—totally vile and polluted—incapable of one good thought, word, or action—continually giving place to forbidden objects—indulging in levity and foolish talking. Oh! how little do I realize that for every word I shall have to give an account at the bar of God. Also for every impression I make on those around me. May my influence ever be a holy and sanctified influence—my walk and conduct be such as will lead others to embrace the religion of the blessed Jesus.

August 27th.

Oh! for more grace to resist the temptations of Satan, that destroyer of peace and piety. Oh! that I might be

enabled to "resist him, and he shall flee from me." From God only can help come; to him, then, I commit myself, soul and body, to be guided and directed according to his holy will. Do thou, oh, God! show me the hidden evils of my heart; may I see and feel them as I never before have done. Oh! for a blessed assurance of my good estate. Do I love holiness for its own sake? This is an important question; or do I love it because by practicing it I insure my eternal happiness? Do I so love it, that were I certain of being consumed, I would still desire to be holy in all manner of conversation and conduct? If I know anything of the desires of my own heart, it is my greatest, most earnest desire to be conformed to the likeness of the blessed Jesus. Oh! that I might be more assimilated to his image day by day; for those longings after holiness, those hungerings and thirstings after righteousness, which true Christians have; for deeper anxiety for Christly souls, and efforts for their conversion to holiness and the knowledge of the Saviour.

September 7th.

Oh! what great and distinguishing mercies are continually conferred upon me. How little do I appreciate them. Had the privilege of surrounding the table of the Lord with other dear brethren and sisters in Christ. It is indeed an unspeakable privilege. Oh! that I might be newly washed in the precious blood of the Saviour, which "cleanseth from all sin." The text, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God?" Is this my character? Is the cause of Jesus Christ

the object nearest my heart, and those to which every other is subservient. If I know anything of the desires of my heart, it is my earnest desire to be entirely and wholly devoted to Christ, and his cause; but how unholy are all my desires and thoughts. Truly am I beset, both with inward and outward enemies. "Cleanse thou me, oh, God! from secret faults." Strip me of selfishness, love of the world, pride, and, above all, of spiritual pride. Oh! unworthy worm of the dust as I am—does my heart still rebel against my maker. When shall I be free from these conflicts, and enjoy uninterrupted peace and joy?—not in this world. Did I place my dependence on myself, my own deeds, quickly would I perceive how utterly impotent is an arm of flesh. But my dependence is in Israel's God. I have his never failing promise, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee." Oh! for a more intimate knowledge of myself. Oh! may I not be deceived in this important subject, Searcher of Hearts. I pray thee search my heart—show me myself; and oh! may the view humble me before the mercy seat. Oh! for more holiness of life and conversation. May I see to it, that I make advances in holiness daily. May Jesus fill my soul, and "the Holy Spirit constrain me to be more faithful to the impenitent around me. Oh! that to-night might be the "set time to favor Zion in this place."

October 1st.

Oh! what a wicked unbelieving heart is mine—ready to distrust my Saviour. What need have I to be humbled at the foot of the cross for my sins and short-comings? Father of mercies, search my heart, I pray thee, as thou

didst Jerusalem, with lighted candles. Show me myself. Take from me all my pride, self-esteem, and confidence —and may I place my whole dependence in my blessed Saviour. To-morrow is the communion season. Oh! may I be preserved, lest I should eat and drink judgment to myself; may it be an interesting, precious season, to my soul. May I receive much benefit from it; may my faith and love to God be increased. Oh! how little have I done for thee since the last communion season. How little testimony have I borne to the truth of religion by my conversation and conduct. Oh! may I be incited to renewed activity and faithfulness in the cause of my blessed Redeemer. May nothing prevent me from greater faithfulness to my impenitent friends. The Lord has graciously appeared, by his holy spirit, and has, as we humbly trust, brought some to the knowledge of the truth —should not this be sufficient? Have I not reason to doubt the sincerity of my attachment to his cause, when I remain so cold and stupid, in view of all these mercies? Oh! I am resolved to devote myself anew to him and his cause, and endeavor, with his assistance, to be more devoted and faithful.

November 13th.

Sabbath. Being detained at home by a slight indisposition, I resolved to spend the time in communion with my heart. Oh! how little, very little progress have I made in holiness since the last record in my journal. What an unwillingness do I discover to examine myself. Were I a true child of God, would it be thus? Oh! for a more intimate knowledge of my own heart. Do I find love to God, and attachment to his service increasing?

Have I more earnest longings after holiness, and greater "hungerings and thirstings after righteousness?" Oh! that I might have them. Father of mercies, wilt thou not for the sake of my blessed Saviour take my heart—make it just as thou wouldst have it to be? Oh! for more conformity to the image of Jesus! Oh! for more grace to resist temptation. Oh! for a freedom from evil thoughts. Blessed Saviour, wilt not thou assist me to carry on the conflict?—it is indeed a "warfare." Oh! that I might feel my responsibilities as a professing Christian. Grant, oh, Heavenly Father! that I may have that faith which enters "within the veil." Take away, I pray thee, this evil heart of unbelief, that would destroy all enjoyment of thee. Oh! may I enjoy uninterrupted communion with thee. Oh! that I could say as thy servant David did: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, oh, my God!" "My soul longeth, yea thirsteth."

January 1st, 1832.

How peculiarly proper is the first day of the new year for commemorating the love of a dying Saviour. A season so appropriate for a review of our conduct, and for humbling ourselves at the throne of grace. Was enabled to-day to renew my covenant with God and the Church. Oh! may I be enabled by his grace to be faithful to my covenant vows. What reason, what great reason have I for gratitude to my Heavenly Father for his mercies during the first year! It has been one of the most important years of my life, for I have become a member of Christ's visible Church—have declared myself separated from the world, and united to Christ by a unity of faith: and that

my own voluntary act. I have also had evidence of God's readiness to answer prayer—and oh! how ungrateful am I for all these mercies. Oh, Father! do thou create in me a clean heart and right spirit, that I may love thee more ardently, and endeavor more constantly to glorify thee. I will now resolve, God assisting me, to live as I never have lived; to begin the new year by a greater attachment to the cause of Christ. Oh, blessed God! do make me an instrument of doing good—may this year be spent very differently from any former one of my life.

March 4th.

Two months have passed since the last record in my journal; and, oh! what a sad spectacle does the review of those two months present. How little advancement have I made in personal holiness; how little, how very little conformity to the image of Christ Jesus do I discover; but how much conformity to the things of this world. How cold and languid are my devotional feelings—even my approaches to the mercy seat; how little do they savor of ardent, fervent piety. Oh! for a spirit of earnest supplication, and that faith "which enters within the veil" to take me even to "the mercy seat," and enable me to get hold of the horns of the altar," and wrestle earnestly for the blessing. Instead of this fervor, I frequently find my thoughts wandering to other objects. Oh! what mockery. What! attempt to address the great God with my mind fixed upon something else! "Ah! wretched man that I am. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I am reading the "Memoirs" of Dr. Payson. Oh! for a resemblance to him, so far as he resem-

bled the blessed Jesus! Felt a desire to copy the "rules" which he adopted to regulate his private devotion. First. I will, on no pretence whatever, omit reading the Scriptures with prayer, morning and evening. Second. When practicable, I will spend one day in every week in fasting and prayer. Third. I will allow but six hours' sleep. Fourth. I will endeavor to redeem the time by being diligent and fervent in business. Fifth. I will live more to the glory of God than I have done. Sixth. I will, every evening, review my conduct during the day, and see how far I have fulfilled these resolutions. May these be mine.

May 13th.

Sabbath. Oh! what a blessing is the Sabbath day. Blessed, for ever blessed be God, that a Sabbath was ever instituted—a day on which the offers of salvation are made known to intelligent creatures, with every encouragement and success to those who accept them. Even on this day my thoughts are so wandering—feelings and affections so cold and formal. Touch my heart, oh, Saviour! with thy love that I may see myself in a proper light. Search me, cleanse me, and purify my heart from sin. Oh! may not this Sabbath be misimproved, as was the last one; but may I make improvements in holiness, and in the knowledge of God; humble the pride of my heart; give me right feelings of humility and dependence. Here I am, Lord; do what thou wilt with me, I earnestly desire to be thine, unreservedly and irrevocably thine, for time and eternity. Forbid, oh! forbid, that I should be ashamed of the blessed Jesus. Oh! for that quickening grace to love Jesus with the whole heart, soul,

mind and strength, and devote all my powers to him, seeking to glorify him in all I do; hear me, oh, God! and answer this most earnest desire of my heart, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

June 21st.

Acts, iv. 23. How egregiously have I departed from duty since the last record in my journal. Instead of finding my devotional feelings increase, I fear that they decrease in frequency and fervency. What an inconsistent Christian I am—professing to have the spirit of Jesus Christ, and yet manifesting more of the spirit of this wicked world, than that of my divine master. How deeply should these considerations humble me. I find a proneness in my heart to misconstrue motives, and I have been guilty of imputing bad motives to some of the children of the dear Redeemer. Forgive this sin, dear Saviour. May I be more watchful over my heart, and check the first risings of it. We are commanded to "love one another" with pure hearts, fervently. The cholera, which has for ten years past been making its ravages in the eastern world, carrying off thousands in a day, has appeared in our country in its most malignant form. The present seems literally a day of judgments. The Indians are killing the people on our western frontier. We seem, as it were, "hemmed in" by them. We deserve, as a nation, and as individuals, these, and still greater judgments. Our nation has sinned most grievously against the Cherokee Indians. Their cry has come up before the Lord of Sabbaoth; and he will avenge the cause of injured innocence. May Christians be excited to labor while the day lasteth; the impenitent to think of their preparation for death. May

I be more faithful in impressing upon my scholars the importance of being prepared to die.

June 24th.

Sabbath. Have enjoyed the privilege of worship in God's house to-day. No living minister preached such sermons as the Rev. Daniel A. Clark, on the nature of Gospel truth. Oh! may it be the means of increasing my love for the truth of God. May I appreciate its worth, and practice the precepts therein contained. Felt to-day some few faint desires after God—but alas! they are few and faint indeed. Oh! for burning love to the dear Redeemer and his cause—for humble feelings. I find so much sinful pride in my heart—this proves a great hindrance to my increase of holiness. Whenever I analyze the motives which actuate me in the performance of religious duties, the idol Self continually presents itself, moving every affection.

July 21st.

Saturday Evening. Just returned from Bible Class. Our lesson contained something with regard to sin and temptation. The blessed Saviour was tempted in all points, like as we are, with this difference, "without sin." Oh! how little, how very little am I distressed on account of my indwelling sins and corruptions; how little sincere sorrow of heart do I feel because I make so little progress in the divine life. How entirely am I made up of self—that idol which would dethrone my Saviour, and usurp his dominion in my heart. I regret, exceedingly regret, my unfaithfulness to the souls of my scholars; from some selfish consideration, I have shrunk from duty with regard to them. One particular instance: I have not daily

acknowledged God in all my ways before them, and how can I expect he will direct my steps? I cannot: it is on this account such leanness and barrenness has come into my soul; how richly have I deserved to be left to my own devices. But in the Lord there is mercy and plenteous redemption for all the guilty race of Adam. The cholera is raging in the cities of New York and Albany, the villages of Rochester, Rome, and Whitesborough.—How strange that I can remain so indifferent and unmoved in view of this judgment. Oh! how I ought to be animated with an ardent desire that all my impenitent friends may be safely housed in the Ark of Safety.

Phelps, January 5th, 1833.

Since the last record in my journal, I have, through the providence and sparing mercy of God, entered upon another year; and in reviewing the events of the past year, how much reason have I for "shame and confusion of face," that I have manifested so little love and so much ingratitude to my Heavenly Father for the innumerable mercies with which he has crowned my path. With the deepest humility and self-abasement I would fall down before him, and earnestly desire forgiveness in and through the merits of my crucified Saviour, for "There is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved;" and, if I know my own heart, I desire no other. Jesus is my "all in all"—"he whom I fix my hopes upon." The most prevailing sin of my heart is pride. This monster is constantly insinuating itself even into my most holy things; it is always to be found where I least expect it. Another is, neglect of self-examination. If I know not my own heart, and the sins and dan-

gers to which I am exposed, how can I watch against them? Well did the Psalmist say, "Who can understand his errors?" Our deceitful hearts are ever ready to find excuses for remissness in duty. Oh! for a more intimate knowledge of myself. Assist then me, oh, God! to obtain this knowledge as it only can be obtained—by a more intimate acquaintance with thy holiness and perfections. Do thou graciously grant me thy holy and blessed spirit to enlighten me in the knowledge of the truth, to guide and direct me, to sanctify me. Oh, Heavenly Father! I would this new year desire renewedly to consecrate myself to thee; and wilt thou deign to accept so humble an offering? Oh! may I be a consistent Christian; may my principles and professions influence my practice. Forbid, oh, God! that my faith should be a dead one, but grant that I may bring forth the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." May the sincerity and reality of my profession be evident in everything. In all situations—under all circumstances, may I continually show, by my conduct, that it is "my meat and my drink to do the will of my Father in Heaven." And may thy holy word be a "lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path," "my meditation all the day," my rule and standard of acting and judging; and may I, this year, "live unto Him who loved me and gave himself for me." Grant that I may have the meek, teachable spirit of a "little child," and increase in holiness, for Jesus' sake. Amen. I, this 5th day of January, 1833, do solemnly and seriously resolve, with the assistance of God, to live more devoted to him whom I profess to love; to endeavor to "subdue the lusts of the flesh and mind;" to live above the world while I

live in it; to seek to possess more of the spirit and temper of my divine master: and as I soon expect to enter a gayer scene, where I shall be exposed to more temptations, oh! may I put on the armor of God, the shield of faith, and resist them. May God help me to fulfil this my resolution.

The following is an extract from a letter to one of her early companions and school mates, and written while she was on a visit to friends in the city of Rochester:

Rochester, March 2nd, 1833

DEAR A****** :

Dr. H**** called on Wednesday, and took me to see his wife. He returned from Jamestown a few days since, where he witnessed the death of his brother Nathaniel. He died in hope of a blessed immortality. On his dying bed he spoke of G**** as the instrument in the hands of God of his being a Christian. What are all the honors and applause of the world in comparison with this?—an instrument of converting a soul! What higher honor can be conferred? The honor can be attained by all who use the means prescribed. God has promised to bless efforts made in humble dependence on him, and with a sincere desire to promote his glory. Is it not worth striving for? What objects more worthy of all our efforts, our time, talents, and our whole lives, than the glory of God and the salvation of souls? Let us, dear A******, devote ourselves more entirely to the work, and engage in it with greater ardor. We have seen and felt, I trust, its efficiency in the hour of sickness, sorrow and death; let us then improve all the dispensations of God's providence to his glory and the extension of his kingdom.

The following letter was written to the same friend.

Cherry Valley, May 26th, 10 P. M.

My dear friend:

I am pleased to learn that the Sabbath-school in your district is in progress—hope you find it both delightful and profitable to instruct your class. What encouragement have we in the precious promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself!" And when disheartened and discouraged under a sense of our own ignorance and "lack of wisdom," let us remember that it has been said, "Ask of God who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." We can have no reason to expect a blessing on our efforts unless earnestly desired and sought after. Do you not, dear A******, find increasing delight in the service of God? Do you not find it to be indeed a blessed and glorious service—one which deserves the whole attention of intelligent creatures? Is it not wonderful that so few are willing to engage in it? Let us be incited to perseverence in it by mutual advice and mutual prayer. Let us aim at this in our correspondence, and who can ever calculate the influence we may exert over each other?

JUDITH.

Jan. 6th, 1833.

Sabbath. Attended church to-day. Rev. Mr. Betts preached. Morning discourse—1st Psalm, "Blessed," &c. The words in the original are, "Blessed are the blessednesses (plural number,) of the man who taketh not counsel with the ungodly, nor walketh in the way of sinners; but who makes the law of the Lord his meditation all the day." Not only temporal blessings, but the

richest spiritual blessings. He is like a tree," &c. The promises of the Gospel and its ordinances, are like rivers of water to the heart of the child of God. His possession is the leaf which shall not wither. "The ungodly are like chaff which the wind bloweth away." Their hopes of pardon, without repentance, are vain and deceitful. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous," that is, he approveth it; "but the way of the wicked leads down to death." Does God know my ways? Are they right in his sight? Am I deceived, oh, God! in the hope of acceptance and reconciliation with thee, through the blood of Jesus? Oh! may I search myself, and probe my heart in this matter.

In the afternoon—Isaiah XL. 3. "The voice of him that crieth," &c.; "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," &c. It was customary among the ancients, when a king was to be crowned, to send a herald to proclaim the approach of so distinguished a personage, in order that the people might be prepared to receive him. It is very necessary that we all should prepare our hearts to receive a visit from the Lord Jesus. Unbelief, that sin which prevented Jesus from doing mighty works in Capernaum, now prevents the descent of those spiritual blessings so much needed by the Church:

1st. By overcoming and removing the monster unbelief, we shall be preparing the way of the Lord.

2nd. By an exercise of Christian faithfulness, reproving mildly the faults of our Christian brethren.

3rd. By repenting of and forsaking sin in all its forms.

Wherever and whenever the Church does this, it will have the most unequivocal evidence of the approach of the Lord Jesus, who brings with him such blessings. Do

not I need great preparation, to receive a visit of refreshing from the Lord? Is there not some secret sin, some hidden iniquity, which requires to be removed? I feel that I have many sins to be repented of and forsaken.

Cherry Valley, January 20th, 1834.

It gives me great pleasure to hear, dear A******, of your continued health of body, but much more that your spiritual health and strength are increasing. To live the life of a Christian, exposes us to trials and temptations of every kind, which, if we trusted in our own strength to resist, would lead us to despair; but we "know in whom we have believed," that "He is able and ready" to assist us, having "been tempted in all points like as we." When we consider, too, that the time of these trials is but short—after which is an end of peace and joy, an eternity of holiness and blessedness, where no sin is found—we will joyfully endure all things. If the Lord be with us, what can we fear?

There is one consideration, dear A******, if we cannot see each other face to face, we can meet at the throne of our Heavenly Father, and unite in supplicating his grace to descend and warm our hearts. Let this often be our delightful employment. JUDITH S. C.

The following extract is from a letter written to a valued cousin, a young lady of about the same age as Judith; and who has also gone to meet her, we trust, in another world.

Cherry Valley, April 18th, 1834.

DEAR M*******:

It is a long time since I have written or received a letter from you. Be assured my silence is not owing to

any abatement of my affection and interest for you. I have often resolved to write you, but circumstances have prevented the fulfilment of my resolutions.

I know how to sympathize with you in the loss of a mother, for I have passed through the same scene of trial and affliction, and have felt the need of a mother's counsel and advice. But, dear M., you and I have the same consolation to support us in our bereavement; that the loss we have sustained is to our beloved parents eternal gain. Let us then endeavor so to live that we may hope to be united to them in that blessed world where "sickness, sorrow and death" can never come; where our union can never be severed. Let us strive in all we do to glorify God, and further the kingdom of the Redeemer in our own, and in the hearts of others.

JUDITH S. CAMPBELL.

June 1st, 1834.

More than a year has passed since the last record in my journal. Alas! I fear it is because my progress in the spiritual life has been retrograde. Dreadful thought! but it is too true. I would now desire to turn from my backslidden state unto the Lord, from whom I have so wickedly departed. May the sermon which our dear pastor, Mr. Lockhead, has this day preached do me much good. Oh! may the text, "Grow in grace," be continually impressed upon my mind, and lead me to more watchfulness and prayer—the means of growth in grace, that I may have, First. Satisfactory evidence of piety. Second. Spiritual peace and comfort. Third. That I may promote the glory of God, "for in this is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Fourth. That I may

strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of God's people. Fifth. That I may be prepared to meet all the trials and afflictions of this life, and, even death, with joy and triumph. Sixth. That I may acquire a meetness for a high degree of celestial glory; undoubtedly, it is the privilege of every Christian to aim at, and attain a high standard of piety; so it becomes our duty to be continually "leaving the things that are behind and press forward to those that are before." Assist me, oh, God! for without thee I can do nothing; may I feel this truth more deeply. For several days I have thought more of the missionary cause, and have felt my heart and desires draw toward it in an unusual degree. The question, ought I to be a missionary? has often presented itself to me in a striking manner. I have always thought favorably of it, and, at times, ardently desired to engage immediately in the work; but again, when I consider how great are the qualifications of mind, body and heart, which belong to a missionary, I shrink from it. Oh, Lord! do show me what thou would'st have me to do; but my petition is, wherever I am, whether living or dying, I may be the Lord's; qualify me, oh, God! for whatever thou hast in store for me.

March 22, 1835.

Sabbath morning. Owing to the inclemency of the weather I am unable to attend divine worship to-day—which is to me a great privation, who have so few Sabbaths to pass, in this, my native land. I am astonished when I look back, and still more so when I look forward. Is it possible that to me is given the honor, the privilege of making known the riches of God's grace to

those who walk "in the region and shadow *of death*;" upon whom the blessed light of the Gospel has never shined? Is it given to me, an unworthy sinner, *to suffer* and toil for his name who hesitated not to suffer and die an ignominious death, that sinners might live? Impossible, yet I cannot doubt it. The way is so plain that I cannot err; the indications of God's providence so remarkable, I cannot hesitate. My only hope is in God; "he is the strength of my life;" without him I can do nothing. Oh, God! make me to feel it more and more; I am almost overcome with a sense of my sinfulness; I can only lay my case before the Lord, and leave myself with him; he can qualify me—I cannot. The cause of Christ and of missions will either rise or fall here, through my instrumentality. How necessary to exercise great watchfulness; to note every thought, word and action. Deliver me, oh, God! from dishonoring thee; from bringing reproach upon thy name.

CHAPTER III.

It was the prayer of Judith's mother that the child of her adoption might become a missionary of the cross. Her prayer was heard, though she did not live to see it answered. In the fall of 1833, the Reverend Justin Perkins and lady sailed from this country to establish missions among the Nestorians of Persia. It was soon ascertained that the services of a missionary physician would be generally useful in that land; and, accordingly, the American Board of Missions, sent forth an urgent request for one qualified for such a work. Dr. Asahel Grant, a young man, then engaged in the practice of his profession in the city of Utica, offered his services, and was accepted. He was subsequently engaged to be married to Judith. Her mother had been removed by death some years previous. Her father had then recently been appointed to an office, which would require his residence at the capital of the State for some years; and though it was not in accordance with his wishes, Judith considered that the way had been opened by Providence, and that it was her duty to devote her life to the missionary cause. The following extract from the journal, alludes to this subject.

March 25th, 1835.

Have been much overcome to-day in contemplating the wonderful goodness of God, in giving me so kind a father

as my own beloved one; whose affection, even now, seems stronger than ever. Though 'tis hard and trying in the extreme, to part for ever from the child of his many hopes and fears, his thoughts and anticipations; still his affection seems to increase. Thanks be unto his great name, in "whose hands are the hearts of all men." Do thou grant, oh, God! grant that Jesus, his Saviour, may appear unto him, "the chief among ten thousand," and the one altogether lovely. Make up to him, in a greater nearness to thyself, the loss he sustains at this time. May he yet have reason to bless and magnify thy name, that thou hast made him an instrument of raising up a laborer for thy vineyard; of cultivating talents which thou dost condescend to use in the promotion of thy glory. And do thou, in great mercy, remember all those kind friends who have been interested in this subject; bless them abundantly with all the blessings thou canst bestow; may they never have reason to repent what they are doing; but may it be to them a cause for gratitude throughout a never ending eternity. Preserve thou me, oh, God! from pride and self-esteem; "let none of these things move me;" but may I ever, in humility, lie at the foot of the cross.

The following letter was written to a cousin, and intimate friend.

Cherry Valley, March 17th, 1835.

My dear M*******:

It is, indeed, a long time since I have written you, but as you are acquainted with the events that have transpired in this "Beautiful Valley," I shall attempt no further apology. Dear M., I do, indeed, find it a hard

thing to leave, for ever, friends, kindred and country; 'tis trying to the natural feelings; and I feel at times, that it is greater than I can bear. But I do not regret my decision—no, I rejoice in it; for why should I not? have I not every thing to encourage and incite to perseverence in the good cause? have I not the promises of God, which are in Christ Jesus, yea, and amen?—what then should I fear? or of whom should I be afraid? "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," was the last promise of the blessed Saviour, given to his loved disciples just before his ascension to "his Father and their Father, to his God and their God." I am convinced, dear M., that did Christians only possess a little more of the spirit of the divine Redeemer, the sacrifices and trials consequent to a missionary life would appear exceedingly small, compared with the worth of the soul; and contrasted with what Jesus suffered for us guilty sinners. How low and groveling are the views and feelings of those who regard these sacrifices as great; to the Christian they are not sacrifices and self-denials, but great and distinguished privileges. Methinks such persons set a low estimate upon that "glorious crown of life," which we are assured is the reward bestowed upon those who endeavor to glorify God in their bodies and their spirits, which are his." We know too that the reward is always proportionable to the sacrifice.

March 21st.

My multiplied engagements have hitherto prevented me from finishing this letter; and have only time, this morning, while Lucinda is dressing, to conclude by asking you to endeavor to come home with Pa, two weeks from to-

day. I wish you to be present at my wedding, which takes place on Monday, the sixth of April, in Church, at monthly concert. I expect to leave on Tuesday, the seventh, for Utica, whence I proceed to Albany, thence to Boston, from whence we sail. Dear M., I wish much to see you, and if you cannot come here, then I shall depend upon seeing you in Albany. Do write soon as you receive this. Love to Jane Ann and Elizabeth.

In great haste, your aff. friend,

JUDITH.

The 6th of April, 1835, at length arrived. It was the time appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials. The ceremony was to be public, and to be performed after the services at the monthly concert for prayer. It has already been stated that Judith was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Cherry Valley—a Church which was the oldest in central New York, and which had been continued down from the first settlement made there in the wilderness a hundred years previous. The adopted orphan was well known in the town. Her resolution, her acquirements as a classical and general scholar, her eminent fitness for a missionary life, were there known and appreciated. It was very natural, therefore, that the village meeting-house should be filled with those anxious to witness the event. The scene was one of absorbing interest. The services were ended—the relations of the parties had been changed. She was now a missionary's wife. She had knelt for the last time in the place where her kindred worshipped, and where she had plighted her Christian faith—for on the morrow she was to go forth to return no more. That evening she had seen the sun go down for the last time behind

the hills which shut in on the west the "beautiful valley" in which the happy days of her youth had been spent. Oh, what emotions must have crowded and thickened in her bosom! Warm and attached in her feelings, Mrs. Grant did not leave the spot where her friends and kindred dwelt, where the ashes of her mother reposed, without a struggle with the pleadings of nature. But her resolution had been taken. She considered that her duty called her forward, and that the long down-trodden children of central Asia beckoned her on.

After the ceremony was concluded, the late James O. Morse, of Cherry Valley—a friend of her family—her friend, and the friend of the Missionary cause, delivered an address to Dr. and Mrs. Grant, which, on account of its interesting nature, is given at length, with his accompanying notes. Judge Morse has since been called home, and his death occasioned a great void in that community, of which he was long an excellent and distinguished member.

Our warrant for missionary effort is derived both from the precepts and commands of the Saviour, and from the example of the apostles and primitive Christians. The precepts and commands are alone sufficient; but we propose, for our incitement, briefly to recount a few of the labors of the apostles.

We all know from reading the early Christian history, or Acts of the Apostles, how astonishing and fearless were the labors there recorded. We have also evidence, that their labors only terminated with the lives of those who performed them. Matthew preached the gospel in Persia and Abyssinia; Mark, in Egypt and Cyrene, now called Barca, in Africa. Luke, we know, zealously attended and assisted the great apostle to the Gentiles. John, the beloved disciple, preached in Persia, India, Lesser Asia, and in what is now called Turkey in Europe. James the Less, preached the gospel in Syria, and suffered

martyrdom at Jerusalem. The apostle Peter was so faithful that, even in his old age, he travelled from the shores of the Black Sea to Babylon, from which place he wrote his first epistle. Thomas preached in Persia, and travelled on across the Indus into what is now called Hindoostan, where he suffered martyrdom. Jude, also called Thaddeus or Lebbeus, preached in Persia, and on the shores of the Mediterranean in Africa. Bartholomew was, at first, a missionary to the East Indies, and returned and suffered martyrdom on the shores of the Caspian. Philip was in upper Asia; and also in the country now called Turkey in Europe. Simon, the Canaanite, was in the countries now called Fez and Morocco, and subsequently, as is believed, in the Island of Great Britain.

If, then, the apostles and primitive Christians were missionaries—and that they were does not seem to admit of a doubt—are not *we* fully warranted in establishing missions? Nay more, is it not our *duty* to do it? *The gospel has never been planted in any country except by missionaries.*

In the days of primitive Christianity, missionaries could go at their own charges, for hospitality was then almost universal; but *now* it is different. Money is everywhere required for travelling and living, and money must be furnished.

These, our young friends, now with us, are destined to a country, where, as we have seen, the immediate apostles of our Lord first preached the gospel. They are bound to the city of Ooroomiah, in Persia, containing about twenty thousand people. This city is situated in one of the most productive provinces of the empire called Aderbigan. The villages of this province have a delightful appearance, being, for the most part, embosomed in orchards and gardens which yield the most delicious fruits and flowers. The city of Ooroomiah is on the west side of the lake of the same name. This lake is the Spauta of Strabo, and has on its shores extensive plains surrounded by high limestone mountains.

The lake, according to Malte Brun, is 47 miles long, and about half as broad; other accounts, however, make it larger. Its waters are saline and bitter.

Christian Churches were early planted in Persia, which yet exist; but they have grievously departed from primitive faith and practice.

These nominal Christians are surrounded with Mahometans, and each seem to corrupt the other. The strong prejudices of the Mahometan are gradually giving way; but, as yet, he only sees a *corrupted* Christianity, nearly resembling, in some things, idolatry, which he detests. The Christian Churches amid the Mahometans, then, must first be purified before we can expect men to abandon the crescent for the cross The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, aware of this, have wisely turned their attention to the two sects called Armenians and Nestorians. The Nestorians, to whom our friends are now sent, were originally the followers of Nestorius, who was Bishop of Constantinople in the fifth century.* To the lasting honor of this sect, they yet persist in their refusal to enter into the communion of the Romish Church. They reside in Persia, and in what was anciently called Chaldea or Babylonia, and in Assyria.

It has been well obeerved, "that the iron rod of Mahomet is rapidly losing its power. That the faith which prevailed from the wall of China to the pillars of Hercules, and stretched southwardly to the unknown sources of the Nile, is now divided and decaying." Thousands, it is believed, are *nearly* ready to abandon it. Let the Christians, then, with whom the Mahometans live, be reformed. Let the Mussulman see

* Such was the received opinion at the time of this address, but Dr. Grant, in his work upon the Nestorians, or Lost Tribes, says:

"Nestorian is a name disliked by the people thus designated. 'They rarely apply it to themselves, and they are averse to its application by others, lest, as it seems, they should be thought to participate in the reputed heresy of Nestorius, a bishop of Constantinople, who was excommunicated from the general Church A. D. 431. But the reason which they assign for objecting to the use of this name is that they never derived either their doctrines or their rites from Nestorius. They reverenced him for using his voice against the worship of images, and against the prevalent use of the title *Mother of God;* which, as they affirm, virtually takes away the humanity of our Saviour, and thus leaves us without a *Mediator*. But having themselves never applied any other title than Mother of Christ to the Virgin Mary, and their worship having never been polluted with images, while at the same time they have ever held to the human and divine nature in one person in Christ, they ask where is the propriety of calling their ancient Church after a bishop who lived in a comparatively late day, and with whom they never had any connection? It is true they assumed his name as the cause of an injured man, whom they regarded as a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, persecuted for righteousness' sake; and on this account the enemies of the Nestorians endeavored to fasten reproach upon them by calling them after his name. Throughout Protestant Christendom, however, the name of Nestorian is justly honored; and there seems to be no good reason for discarding it at this late day, established as it is by long conventional usage and intercourse with the Church and the world."

pure Christianity, as it is reflected by the lustre of a holy life of its professors, and his prejudices, so long cherished, will begin to yield.

Everything now seems to favor this enterprise of American Christians. Turkey and Persia tolerate all religions. Missionaries can now traverse with safety many regions of the east. How different are the perils which the missionaries are now called on to endure, from those endured by the great apostle to the Gentiles! He, it will be recollected, was five times scourged by the Jews, three times by the Romans, and once stoned and left for dead. In three different voyages he was shipwrecked, and once continued in a wreck a day and a night. He was also wrecked on his last voyage to Rome. In journeying from one country to another, he had to pass rivers and deep waters. As he travelled in the deserts, robbers attempted to plunder and murder him. The Jews assaulted, and the Gentiles attempted to kill him. When in the cities, he suffered violence from mobs, and was in danger from the rulers. In passing the deserts, too, wild beasts beset him. He traversed seas infested with pirates, and when on shore among professed Christians, *false brethren* put him in peril. *Now* navigation is well understood—pirates have in a measure disappeared —rivers and deep waters can be passed in safety. The missionary can travel from post to post protected and unmolested. Neither Jews nor Gentiles offer to scourge him—robbers seldom, if ever, molest him. Christian teachers may now, with great or with perfect safety, pass by land from the Bosphorus almost to the Straits of Behring, in Kamschatka.

Go, then, my friends, to the delightful climate, in which God in his providence has called you to labor. Should any one tell you that you are going on a fanatical or hopeless enterprise, answer them with meekness, by citing *facts*. Tell them of Carey, Ward, and Marshman, the three pioneers of missions in India, who went there in 1799, and lived long enough to translate the Scriptures into twenty-seven different languages; tell them of the college they erected, and of the schools they established. Tell them how small were the beginnings of the American Board, and that *now* its missionaries are in every quarter of the globe. Tell them that, in 1811, the income of this Board was less than one thousand dollars, and that, in 1834, it was more than

one hunded and fifty-two thousand dollars. Tell them of Schwartz, of the Newells, of Hall, of Parsons, of Fisk, and of Martyn.* Request

* The name of the gifted and devoted Henry Martyn, missionary to Persia, is doubtless familiar to our readers. He spent, it will be recollected, nearly a year (from June, 1811, to May, 1812,) at Shiraz, the celebrated seat of Persian literature, engaged in the work of translating the New Testament and the Psalms of David into the modern Persian language. Having successfully accomplished this highly useful work, he set out for the royal camp near Teheran, with the design and expectation of presenting a copy of his translation to the king and his son, the prince Abbas Mirza. After his arrival there, he was greatly disappointed, on hearing that the king would not see any Englishman, unless presented by the embassador, or accredited by a letter from him. Eager to effect his object, he went to Tabruz, the residence of Sir Gore Ousely, the British embassador. During this journey he suffered very much from sickness, exposure and fatigue. A fever, of nearly two months' continuance, detained him at Tabruz, and prevented him from presenting in person his translation to the king and the prince his son. This was done, however, by Sir Gore Ousely. The king was much pleased with the gift, and expressed his approbation of it by a public acknowledgment. In a letter, dated a few days before he left Tabruz, Martyn thus writes: "The prince Abbas Mirza, (now the king,) the wisest of the king's sons, and heir to the throne, was here some time after my arrival. I much wished to present a copy of the Persian New Testament to him, but I could not rise from my bed. The book, however, will be given him by the embassador. Public curiosity about the gospel, now for the first time, in the memory of modern Persians, introduced into the country, is a good deal excited here and at Shiraz, and at other places; so that, upon the whole, I am thankful for having been led hither, and detained. * * * The way of the kings of the east is preparing: thus much may be said with safety, but little more. *The Persians will also, probably, take the lead in the march to Zion.*"

Martin left Tabruz, with the hope of visiting his native country, and there regain his health and recruit himself for future missionary labors. He proceeded northward, across the Araxes, and traced its meanderings until he reached the base of the venerable Ararat. At Nakshistan, a town on the eastern side of the valley of the Araxes, he says: "My attention was arrested by the appearance of a hoary mountain opposite to us, on the other end of the plain, rising so high above the rest that they sunk into insignificance. It was truly sublime, and the interest it excited was not lessened, when, on inquiring its name, I was told it was Agri, or Ararat." * * * "The evening was pleasant; the ground over which we passed was full of rich cultivation and verdure, watered by many a stream, and containing forty villages, most of them with the usual appendage of gardens. To add to the scene, the great Ararat was on our left. On the peak of that hill the whole Church was once contained: it has now spread far and wide, even to the ends of the earth, but the ancient vicinity of it knows it no more. I fancied many a spot where Noah, perhaps, offered his sacrifices; and the promise of God, 'that seed time and harvest should not cease,' *appeared to me to be more exactly fulfilled in the agreeable plain in which it was spoken, than elsewhere, as I had not seen such fertility in the shah's [king's] dominions.* Here the blessed saint landed in a new world; so may I, safe in Christ, outride the storms of life, and land at last on the everlasting hills."

Martyn then proceeded along the route that Dr. and Mrs. Grant will probably travel, through Erivan, Kars, and Erzeroon. At this place he left the road to Trebisond, and went west, intending to go to Constantinople; but death arrested him

the objector to read the biography of each one of the holy men who have gone forth in this work; and if he can, after an attentive perusal of their lives, hold up to ridicule the labors of missionaries, his feelings are not to be envied. Tell them to look back to the period when the whole Christian Church was confined to a few obscure fishermen and laborers. Why has it, from such small beginnings, so far extended itself? Why did it overturn the Theism of the Jews, and the Polytheism of the Greeks and Romans? Why has this grain of mustard seed become so great a tree? Is it not because Omnipotence has expressly willed and ordained it?

Go, then, my friends, where Christianity for centuries has been presented to the natives in its most corrupted form, and disguised beneath the most monstrous fables and the grossest absurdities. Recollect too, that you are going to the land where the prophet Daniel was; where also the beloved disciple John and other apostles have been. Strive

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on his way. Weakness and fatigue, together with the cruel treatment and neglect of his Mohammedan guides, brought on a disease which terminated his earthly career. He died at Tocat, Oct. 16, 1812.—[Mem. of Martyn.

In connection with this notice of the labors of the lamented Henry Martyn, we add a few words in relation to the Persian language and literature.

Excepting the original language of the Old Testament, which surpasses all others in the esteem of the Christian student, there is no department of oriental literature so rich, so attractive to the philologist, as the Arabic and Persian languages. In Great Britain, this source of historical and literary lore has attracted much attention.

A fund was established a few years ago in London, and a committee appointed, to procure and publish translations of oriental works. This committee has already given to the world the History of the Affghan, translated from the Persian by Dr. Doon, "which not only gives the history of the mountain tribes of Affghanistan, whose conquests have spread far east and west of that region, but also contains very curious traditions connected with the Scripture history."

The committee announced some time ago "the History of Vartan," king of Armenia. "This work contains an account of the religious wars between the Persians and Armenians in the sixteenth century, and many important documents relating to the religion of Zoroaster."

The French and Germans have devoted considerable toil and attention to this branch of literature. The savans of *Russia* have also felt the importance of these studies; the close connection of the Russian empire with Persia gives them facilities which are unknown to other countries. During the last campaign against Persia, the Russians having got possession of Ardabil, carried away the celebrated library of Sheikh Sefy at that place, and transferred all, except the theological works, (which Providence left, perhaps, for our missionaries,) to St. Petersburgh. Of these, there are ninety-six different manuscript works, all in Persian, and highly valuable. They are beautifully written and splendidly bound. The greater part of them were bequests of Shah Abbas the Great, 1608.[Bible Repository.

The seat of the American mission to the Nestorians was the birth-place of Zoroaster.

to imitate these apostles of your great Master. Do all the good you can, both to the souls and bodies of your fellow-men. Teach them the healing art—teach them the knowledge of the arts and sciences—teach them industry—but above all, teach them the way of salvation by a Redeemer. Tell them of his kind invitation, of his cheering promises, and of his dying love. As you look upon lofty and hoary Ararat, where the ark rested when the Deluge subsided, you will be reminded of the ark of the new covenant into which all are invited to enter.

Be not afraid. Remember that your Master has said: "Lo, I am with you always." Whether your labors are to be longer or shorter—whether you are to be pioneers only—or whether you are to be spared to see the seed that may be sown spring up and produce a plentiful harvest, it matters not; for when you are released from your labors, if you are found faithful, a crown of glory awaits you. Go, then, and if you cross the branches of the river that watered the paradise where our first parents were placed, as you probably will, think of the paradise of God and of the pure river of the water of life. We pledge you our sympathies, our alms, and our prayers. The part of our Master's vineyard in which you are called to labor, is one of peculiar interest, for it may be said to be the cradle of the human race. When Daniel, and John, and Peter, and Thomas, and Lebbeus were there, it was at the peril of their lives. Bonds, and imprisonments, and tortures awaited them—they shrunk not from their labors—the commands and promises of God impelled and cheered them on. Let the like motives impel and cheer you. Go, then, as the apostles did, leaning on the Saviour. We do not expect to see you again in this life; but if any of us are permitted by the grace of God to enter the gates of the heavenly city, we shall hope to see *you* there; and should you then even be found marshalled in the ranks "of the noble army of martyrs," we shall doubtless find, for our consolation, that the jewels in your crowns of glory will emit a brighter lustre than those worn by your brethren who remained in their native land.

We hope and believe that your example will do good. Neither of you were obliged to embark in this enterprise for a living. A *good* living and posts of honor and usefulness were within your reach here.

sionaries that have left our shores have made what the *world* after sacrifices. But you have reasoned differently from the you have seen the degradation of the countries of the East, and animated, as we trust, by the spirit of primitive Christianity, you sunder the ties which bind you to your country and your friends, and are determined, by the grace of God, to make your influence felt on the other side of the globe. It is a noble example; and who among the religious youth of our country will follow it? The Church calls—the heathen call—and the Saviour *commands*, that the laborers go forth into the eastern vineyard. May your example, then, influence hundreds.

Your field of labor is one of promise. As long ago as 1816, a gentleman by the name of Dr. Campbell, who had then resided in Persia eight years, informed the Christian public that the labors of Henry Martyn had made a great impression there; that the tract which he wrote in Arabic, on the Mohammedan and Christian religions, had caused much inquiry among the learned—that the Persians are more tolerant than the Turks; and that they frequently quote from the Gospel in conversation. As long ago as 1815, the Scottish missionaries at Astracan sent copies of the New Testament into Persia, as far as Teheran and Ispahan. The difficulties then, with which your mission may have to contend, may not be as great as have been by some apprehended. Trusting, therefore, in the strength of your Master, go forth to your labors.

You go forth, for aught you may know, with a message that will alleviate every pain of him that receives it. "The Gospel you carry holds forth to parted friendship, reunion; to sickness, unfading health; to death it opens prospects beyond this world; to the anguish of the grave, the hope that triumphs in the resurrection."

Who, then, is there that would deny this Gospel to the heathen? Infidelity and error, and cold, calculating, worldly policy may scoff and sneer; but how *unreasonable* are their scoffs and their sneers? When the apostle, Simon the Canaanite, sailed from Fozer Morocco, (then called the Lybian court,) for the then semi-barbarous island of Great Britain, beyond all doubt, the sceptics of that day scoffed at him as a fool or a fanatic. But did this hinder him? No! he went, and amid blood-thirsty Druids he delivered his message. Look at the mighty

results which followed this visit of the humble Nazarene. The Island became Christian. It *now* rules two hundred millions of people, among whom it is scattering the lights of science and Christianity. We, the North Americans, their descendants, are now scattered over more than thirteen degrees of latitude, and are assisting our brethren in Europe in awakening moral and religious lights in all the dark spots on the globe. Had the light of Christianity never dawned on Great Britain, neither the British nor ourselves would have been more enlightened than the inhabitants of Persia, Turkey, or Hindoostan. What would have made us differ, I ask? Will the infidel tell us why the Christian country is more enlightened than the heathen one? He *admits* that it is Christianity that makes the difference, and yet, with most singular inconsistency, rejects Christianity. "It is the glory of Christianity, (says an American writer, now a diplomatist abroad,) to have contributed essentially to the progress of civilization and humanity, by mitigating the evils of slavery in the decline of the Roman empire, and nearly extirpating it when it sprung up anew in the rank soil of the feudal system." Who have been the heroic men who have compassed sea and land in the service of humanity? Christian missionaries. Who founded hospitals, colleges, schools, and other institutions of charity? Christian missionaries. *We* now reap the benefits of former missions, and we but repay these benefits, when we send out missionaries. Let us, then, learn from the Gospel what it legitimately teaches—all the mild charities of life, and that expansive affection which teaches us to consider the whole human race as our brethren. Go, then, my friends, and grapple with the obstacles that you may find in your path. Put your trust in God, and he (if it be for the best,) will remove them all.

To one of you whom I have known from early infancy, I wish to say a few words. One, who we trust is now in heaven, prayed over your infancy and riper years. She prayed that God would give you grace to become a missionary.* We trust that prayer was heard

* The person here alluded to, was Mrs. Sabina Campbell, who, having no children, adopted Mrs. Grant as her child, when the latter was an infant. Mrs. C. died about five years ago She was a native of Pomfret, Connecticut, but her parents came to Otsego county to reside when she was quite young. She was a woman of much reading, and in early life, as she frequently related, her mind became tinctured with some of the sentiments of the more prominent infidel writers.

and is now answered. You are now about to bid us farewell, probably for the residue of your life: and while we extend to you the parting salutation, we beg leave to remind you of the immense responsibility which devolves on you. The culture of your mind has been more than usual for persons of your age and sex: but you must consider yourself only a beginner in science. You are going to a country where the degradation of your sex is extreme. Great, however, as is their degradation, they possess and exert a powerful influence.

How important, then, that female education be commenced there? If you can be the means of educating only ten females, or even *one*, in that country, you may do more good by it than can now be calculated. The instruction which you may impart to them may give such an impetus to the work of female education, that it may go on and prosper; and your name may be found on the page of the future history of Persia, as the great pioneer in the work of reforming and regenerating its female population. But you must do *more* than merely teach them

although she never fully adopted them. About twenty years before her death, she embraced Christianity, and was made an instrument, in the hands of God, of doing much good. Her husband was formerly a practicing physician, and she, the better to qualify herself for usefulness, by reading medical books and frequent visits to the sick, became well versed in many departments of the medical profession. Her frequent and gratuitous visits to her sick neighbors were invaluable, and some of the most respectable physicians had such confidence in her, that they always consulted her, when she was found at the sick beds of their patients. Her services in this way, and particularly to the sick poor, were worthy of all praise. Whenever there was suffering and misery in her vicinity, she was always found in the midst of it, trying to alleviate or remove it. It may well be questioned whether any female of her age ever visited more sick families.

She imbibed deeply the missionary spirit, and entered with zeal into most of the benevolent enterprises of the day. She watched with intense interest all efforts making in the world to do good, and fervently wished and prayed for their success. Her adopted daughter (now Mrs. Grant,) who was her niece and an orphan, she educated with sedulous care, in the hope that she might be qualified to enter the service of the Saviour as a missionary.

We have not room for anything more than a brief sketch of *some* of the traits in the character of this excellent woman. She was indefatigable in the pursuit of *knowledge*, that she might be a more efficient laborer in performing good works. She was eminently an *industrious* woman in the discharge of *all* the duties which devolved on her, whether those duties related to her family, or neighbors, or the church. Few females ever performed a greater amount of both bodily and mental labor. She was uncommonly active in promoting all the moral and religious charities of the day; so much so, that it is believed, that if all the female members of Christian Churches were thoroughly imbued with her spirit, and possessed of her Christian energy and action, that the evangelization of the world would be wonderfully accelerated.

human learning; you must try and teach them that heavenly wisdom which cometh from above. Be careful to teach them as well by *example*, as by precept. You will be called to endure trials, and undergo privations, to which we, in this good land, are strangers; but let them not move you. Recollect that both you and your American friends are destined soon to become the tenants of the same narrow house to which no wealth can impart comfort, to which no earthly dignity can confer lustre, and *from* which no human pioneer can give exceptions. What matters it, then, whether we enter this narrow house in this or that quarter of the globe? If these trials are properly *improved*, we shall be the better prepared to meet our judge, "when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality."

One of the most excellent of your own sex has told us, "that the great difficulty of our spiritual life is, to make the future predominate over the present." Think, then, of the future, and suffer me in the words of the same female, to entreat you "to keep breathing out fervent prayers, and make corresponding efforts, that you may reach the elevation for which you seem intended; and that you may be a uniform and consistent pattern, of whatsoever things are pure, honest, just, lovely, and of good report."

We bid you both an affectionate farewell; and may that Being who holdeth the winds in his fist—who sendeth lightning with rain—who looketh on the earth and it trembleth—and who causeth the outgivings of the morning and evening to rejoice, be your protector. May He guide you on the deep, and protect you on land. We invoke *your* prayers for us; whether these prayers ascend from the face of the mighty deep, or from the snow-capped mountains of Persia, or from its delightful valleys. Let us all, we entreat you, be remembered.

When you arrive at your destined home, let your conduct be regulated by the same principles which actuated the prophet Daniel, when in that land. Take for your motto his words as they have been paraphrased by a Christian poet.

> Perish discretion, when it interferes
> With duty! Perish false policy
> Of human wit, which would commute our safety
> With God's eternal honor! Shall His law
> Be set at nought that we may live at ease?

How would the heathen triumph should we fall
Through coward fear! How would God's enemies
Insultingly blaspheme!

Finally, my dear friends, fear not temporal death. If your faith strong you will not fear it.

"For what is death, my friends, that you should fear it?
To die! why 'tis to triumph; 'tis to join
The great assembly of the good and just:
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
Oh! 'tis to join the band of holy men
Made perfect through their sufferings; 'tis to meet
Our great progenitors! 'Tis to behold
Th' illustrious patriarchs; they with whom the Lord
Deigned to hold familiar converse. 'Tis to see
Michael and his bright legions who subdued
The foes of truth! To join the blest employ
Of love and praise! to the high melodies
Of choirs celestial to attune our voice
Accordant to the golden harps of saints!
To join in blest hosannahs to their King,
Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
Alone were heaven, though saint or seraph none
Should meet your sight, and only God were there!
This is to die! who would not die for this?
Who would not die that he might live for ever?"

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant, after spending a brief period among their friends in Utica and its vicinity, arrived in Albany toward the last of April. The following brief but affecting letter was written to that same beloved cousin, whom she had invited to be present at her wedding, but who had been unable to attend.

Albany, April 26th, 1835.

My dear M*******:

I regret that I am unable to see you before I finally leave my beloved country. It was not my intention so to do, but we are called to Boston in great haste, as we are to sail on the 6th or 7th of May. We arrived in this city yesterday afternoon, and leave it for Boston, via New-York, in the four o'clock boat, this afternoon. I rejoice, dear M., to hear that E******** has found the Saviour precious. To those who believe, Christ *is* precious. Will you not, dear M., believe in Him and trust in Him for salvation? "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name given under Heaven, whereby we can be saved." Delay not, I entreat you, to seek an interest in Him, who alone is worthy of all your adoration and supreme affection. "Him who cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," are his own glorious words—do you not believe them?

We shall probably meet no more on earth; but oh! how happy should we be, could we look forward to a happy reunion in the glorious realms above, where partings are no more, and "where sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Farewell, dear M*******. May the God of grace and mercy be your reconciled God and Redeemer, your Guard and Guide through this wilderness world to the Canaan of rest. Till we meet on earth or in heaven—farewell.

They never met again on earth, but we trust that they have met in heaven. We resume the extracts from her journal.

April 28th.

Arrived in Albany yesterday; found in the post-office a letter demanding our immediate presence in Boston. So far the Lord has wonderfully sustained us, in parting with our dear friends: to His name be all the glory. He has also raised up friends in our travelling companions. How delightful to meet the friends of Christ! though strangers they may be, soon our hearts are drawn out in love to them. We feel like children of the same happy family, and can converse about our Father's business. I think that the hand of Providence is less regarded, in the bestowment of friends, than almost any other blessing; they are considered as belonging to us, interested by us, and attached to us, without any reference to that Power which, "holding the hearts of all men in its hands," inclines them which way he will. We forget, too, that we must give them up for the sake of "Him who died for us." I have felt, for several days past, a deep convic-

tion of my unqualifiedness and unworthiness for such a great and glorious work as Christianizing the Heathen. My only consolation is, that it is not my work, but His who can perfect strength out of weakness, and order out of confusion. Oh! that my confidence in Him may ever remain firm and unshaken.

May 1st.

Arrived in Boston yesterday, after passing a few hours with my friends in New-York. In the space of forty-eight hours travelled four hundred miles, stopping twelve hours on the way. Had a little touch of sea-sickness, coming up the Sound. I have said "Farewell" to all my friends, except my dear, dear, father, who is here with me; it was a sad and sore trial, yet the Lord sustained me—blessed be his name! We expect to sail on the 7th or 8th instant. 'T is indeed a solemn thing to take a last look of friends and country, while in health. When separated from friends by death, we are reconciled, but when in health, to be torn from them, it is indeed hard. But it is written: "Whosoever forsaketh father and mother, houses, lands, and children, for my sake and the Gospel's, shall receive a hundred fold in this life—in the world to come life everlasting." "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." The blessed Jesus himself left the bosom of his Father and the abodes of angels, to suffer and die on this earth for us guilty sinners, whereby "leaving us an example to follow in his steps." If, then, the Divine Redeemer could do so much for me, why cannot I give up some of the vanities of the world for the promotion of his cause; yea, I count it all joy to be permitted to suffer for him. Oh! for more enlarged views of the plan of salvation—

for stronger faith—for more earnest love for the souls of the poor heathen—for more weaning from the world, and entire devotedness to God. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul, for thee, oh, God!"

In the preceding extracts, it will be seen that Mrs. Grant mentions having spent a few hours with her friends in New York. It is often said that truth is stranger than fiction, and this notice in the journal calls to the mind of the writer, interesting circumstances in connection with this matter, and which he has sometimes thought to be indeed stranger than fiction.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant and her father, arrived in the morning boat from Albany, and reached the house of the writer a few minutes after his own arrival by sea from Florida, where he had been absent for some time. He was ignorant of Mrs. Grant's marriage, and of her intended missionary enterprise, until her arrival at his house. Had he been detained another day at sea, the meeting would not have taken place, and he would have lost the opportunity of bidding her farewell. Years elapsed. The melancholy news had reached us that Mrs. Grant was no more, and that two of her children slept with her within the sacred precincts of the ancient Nestorian Church in the city of Ooroomiah. It was on another pleasant morning of Spring that the writer met accidentally, in the streets of New York, the father of Mrs. Grant, then just arrived from Albany. He accompanied the writer to his office, where, a few minutes afterward, they were joined by Dr. Grant, who led in the only surviving child of Mrs. Grant, her little Henry Martyn. Dr. Grant had reached the city the same morning on his return from Persia. It was

our first information that he was expected in America. What scenes had transpired! what joys and sorrows had been ours since the previous brief and almost providential meeting!

But we are losing the slender thread of our narrative. In Boston Mrs. Grant wrote a letter, from which the following extracts are made, to the Rev. Arthur Burtis. It is a merited tribute to his learning and his piety:

To Rev. Arthur Burtis, Fort Plain, Montgomery Co.

Boston, May 6, 1835.

Much Esteemed Friend:

I cannot suffer Pa to leave without saying a few word by way of apology, for not fulfilling the engagement made to you in our letter from Utica. We were much disappointed not to see you, but our engagements were such that we could not leave as soon as we intended, and consequently passed you in the night. We then expected to meet you in New-York, where we hoped to pass the anniversaries; but here too we were disappointed. Our last farewells have been exchanged, and soon the blue ocean will roll between us. Though separated by one-half the earth's circumference, our hearts will still be united. We are engaged in one common cause—to promote the glory of one common Saviour—can have access to the same mercy seat—are expectants of the same glorious inheritance. How is it possible for us, then, to forget, or be forgotten.

To you, sir, under God, I owe much; to your example and kind instruction is to be attributed much of that zeal

and firmness which have induced me to engage in this missionary work. Never shall I cease to remember with humble and fervent gratitude, the kind, fraternal interests you have manifested in my welfare. To the "Giver of every good gift be all the glory." May the choicest blessings of Heaven rest on you and yours.

* * * * * * * * *

We have thus far been wonderfully sustained in bidding adieu to our dear friends and beloved scenes, and are encouraged to hope for still further supplies of that grace which is "all-sufficient." * * *

June 1st.

Three weeks to-day since I bade adieu to dear, delightful America, land of my birth, nay—home. I have made no record during this time, and have now to record that which I have done again and again, viz., acknowledging the wonderful goodness and condescension of my God, and my own unfaithfulness and ingratitude. My soul has been in great darkness. My sins have separated me and my God. I have been forsaken and left to my own desires, which led me astray from him who alone is "the way, the truth, and the life;" for all this, "His hand is outstretched still," to supply my bodily wants. Oh! for a supply of spiritual, and oh! for a "feast of fat things."

The adversary well knows what are my weak points. These he has ingeniously assailed, and he has well nigh conquered. Doubts of my being in the path of duty, regrets for the past, and dark forebodings of the future, have possessed me and nearly drove me to distraction. I have yielded to the influence of worldly friends, who

would fain persuade me that I was too good, and too great a personage to be thus degraded. Ridiculous absurdity! degraded by the privilege of preaching the glorious Gospel to the heathen! Let shame and confusion of face rest upon me, for ever listening to such suggestions. What am I, Lord, that thou shouldst thus distinguish me above my fellows? "'T is all of grace." Not unto me but unto thy name be all the glory.

June 4th.

First Monday in this month—blessed day! Oh! what a cloud of incense is this day ascending from Christian altars for poor benighted heathen. We observed it in our little cabin, and it was truly an interesting season. Sweet to think that we have such a company engaged in the same glorious work. I am ashamed when I think how I neglected this blessed season, when I had opportunities of enjoying it. "Oh! that I could recall the months that are past;" how differently would they be spent! but, alas! they are gone for ever—sealed over to the judgment of the great day. We had some freedom in supplicating for the conversion of the world, some longings for that glorious day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, when Jesus shall reign King of nations. Oh! when shall Persia and Syria, lands once so highly favored, arise, and put on their beautiful garments? When shall they who have so departed, repent and do their first works. "Oh, Lord! how long?" When shall the new song be sung by all people and tongues? When Christians shall awake to their obligations and privileges. To them is committed the pearl of great price for distribution—not to be monopolized. "Freely ye have re-

ceived, freely give," is one of the last commands of our crucified and now ascended Saviour. "Go, teach all nations," and "lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

June 24th.

Was awakened early this morning by the voice of my husband calling me to come upon deck and see the land. I arose immediately, and obeyed his call. Oh! what an enchanting sight did I behold. On the right, Cape Spartel, (the northern cape of Africa,) with Tangier, a town built of white limestone. On our left, Trafalgar, so famous in naval annals, together with the mountains and valleys of Andalusia in Spain. The town and light-house of Tariffa—the Spanish towns of Algilisan and St. Royere—the famous rock and fortress of Gibraltar, were distinctly visible. I cannot describe my emotions while viewing the scene before me; pain and pleasure were among them. Pleasure, that the Lord had thus far brought us on our way; the sight of land, too, after beholding nothing but sky and water for so long a time, was reviving. Pain, at the thought of absence from my dear native land—"land ever dear to me." But, on the whole, am enabled to rejoice that I have been thus led. What am I, that I am permitted to offer thus willingly after this sort, unto the Lord? Oh! that the Lord would enlarge my heart—that he would purify and sanctify it and make it a fit temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, June 29th.

We have been nearly becalmed for some days; the weather has been quite warm—thermometer 70°, 80°.

The air rather sultry, for there was no breeze, consequently, we were obliged to remain in the cabin.

I have felt the need of the poet's prayer:

Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms and winds subside,
Lord, to my succor fly,
And keep me near thy side.
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Yes, the treacherous calm of indifference and carnal security, is much more to be dreaded than the most severe trials and afflictions. Have been much interested in the Memoirs of Parsons and Hall. Oh! what precious spirits are these; "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might," they were enabled to endure all things as good soldiers. Mr. Hall was often placed in trying circumstances, where every prospect was dark and drear—still his confidence in God remained firm and unshaken. Faith and obedience were the rules by which he practiced. He trusted and obeyed in view of the commands and promises of his Master, rather than events and consequences. He says he found that when God defeated his plans, it was to accomplish his own, which were far better. Oh! for this childlike confidence in God. In consequence of yielding to sin, leanness and darkness have come into my soul. A great mountain seemed placed between me and God—my iniquities seemed literally to have gone over my head—in vain did I seek for comfort, none could I find. My heart seemed to be the nether millstone; so hard was it that nothing could move it, until Jesus, my Saviour, by a display of his love,

melted its ice—softened its stone. Oh! how delightful to lie and weep at the Saviour's feet. Like Mary, may I ever be found there. Blessed Jesus, deliver me, I pray thee, from pride and selfishness. Let supreme love to thee and to dying souls constantly manifest itself in efforts for their salvation. I sometimes fear that I have rushed unbidden into the missionary work; but as a professed follower of the Lord Jesus, am I not bound to do all in my power to communicate the knowledge of him to others? "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Oh! if I know anything of my heart, it is my greatest desire to be a holy, humble, heavenly minded Christian.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July, 1835.

VERY DEAR GRANDFATHER:

I regret exceedingly that circumstances were such as to preclude the possibility of my visiting you once more, before I bade a final adieu to my dear native land. But the shortness of time to make preparations, forbade the thing; neither could I find time to address you by letter. I hoped, too, that I should be favored with a letter from you. The desire to receive such a favor, has induced me to address you from this distant portion of the world. Letters from our friends are such comforts, such cordials to our souls, that I am sure they cannot deny them to us.

The parting struggle with dear friends was difficult and trying, but the gracious Saviour was near, to administer the consolations of his grace. In this hour of trial he did not forsake me, but proved himself a present help in time of trouble.

With my Christian friends, it was less difficult to say farewell, for the time seems so very, very short, when we shall meet, never, never more to be parted. You, my dear grandfather, are very near the end of your race —soon you will have rested from your labors, and be enjoying the fruition of that eternal home of light and blessedness to which the eye of your faith and your anchor of hope have been so long directed. There you will see our beloved ones who sleep in Jesus—among whom will be my dear mother. There you will see all those blessed and glorified spirits who have "finished their course with joy," and are now in possession of a crown of glory at God's right hand. There, too, you will see Jesus, not through the dim eye of mortality, but with immortal unbeclouded eyes. You will see him as he is, transcendently bright and glorious. There, I hope, ere long, to join your "innumerable company," and unite in singing to Him that washed us from our sins in his own blood. With such prospects before us, how can we repine when called to separate only for a little season. We all belong to our Father, and if he appoints one to this, and another to that portion of his vineyard, shall we complain, or refuse to comply? His upholding and protecting care is equally over us, wherever we may be. We can never be out of the sight of his eye or the reach of his arm.

But why am I repeating all this to one who knows it so well—who is so much older in Christian experience?

But to leave those near and dear to us, without any reasonable hope of a meeting, under such circumstances as we have been contemplating, is trying indeed.

As you will probably learn the particulars of my voyage from others of my friends to whom I have written, I will not repeat them. Thus far, goodness and mercy have followed us. The Lord has smiled upon our pathway, for which we desire to praise him for all that 's to come.

We were only forty-eight days from Boston to Smyrna —an unusually short passage; were not visited with storms nor tempests. We have passed a delightful six weeks in Constantinople, in the society of our dear missionary brothers and sisters. You will recollect, from the Herald, that Messrs. Goodell and Dwight to the Armenians, and Mr. Schauffer to the Jews, are the missionary residents there. Mr. Goodell was stationed formerly at Beyroot, in Syria, whence he and his family, with his colleague, Mr. Bird and family, were compelled to flee to Malta, for safety, during the Greek revolution. He (Mr. G.,) was afterward ordered to Constantinople, and Mr. Bird returned to Syria. Mr. Dwight, you will also recollect, travelled with Mr. Smith, now in Beyroot, through Armenia and Persia, to explore the country with a view to the establishment of missions among the Christian Churches of the East. They reported favorably of only one branch, viz., the Nestorians of Persia, to which mission we are destined. They consider this mission to have an important bearing upon the spiritual interests of the Asiatic continent. It was also considered very important that a physician should be connected with the mission; but, alas! none appeared. For more than two years, the Board of Missions used every means in their power to procure one, but all to no purpose, until, at the

meeting of the Board in Utica, last October, my husband, unable to resist the appeals then made, offered his services to the Board, and was accepted.

But I am digressing. I was speaking of the mission at Constantinople. Messrs. Goodell and Dwight are very much encouraged in their labors, from time to time, by the conversion of a few souls. Indeed, there seems to be a general spirit of inquiry among the Armenians; many are beginning to see the errors of their Church, and desire to be instructed into a "more excellent way." God grant that the time may soon arrive, when the errors and abuses shall all be done away, and the Church shall come out, as from the furnace, purified seven times.

Mr. Schauffler, Jewish missionary, is a German by birth—received his literary and theological education in America. After a residence of five years, he became an American citizen, and came to Constantinople under the patronage of the Board. He is an exceedingly interesting man—is now engaged in preparing a translation of the Psalms in Hebrew-Spanish, a lingo exclusively belonging to the Jews at Constantinople, a corrupt Spanish with Hebrew character. He hopes, in time, to add the remainder of the Old Testament.

To her Father.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

We left Smyrna on the afternoon of the 2nd of July, in the steamer Maria Dorothea, a most splendid Austrian boat, quite equal, if not superior, to any steamboat I ever saw in America. We had sole command of the ladies'

cabin, which (though itself very small) seemed a palace, compared with our state-room on board ship.

Captain Ford, an intelligent Englishman, treated us very kindly, and as there were no other cabin passengers, we felt more like guests, at the table of a friend, than passengers in a steamboat, or strangers in a strange land. The views up the Dardanelles are very fine. There are fortifications both on the Asiatic and European sides. Long ranges of cannon in the walls, and occasionally a pile of balls, reminded us of their strength and terrible purpose.

We reached Constantinople on the morning of the 4th of July, where we found a man from Mr. Goodell, waiting to conduct us to his house. On this day we felt, more forcibly than before, that we were absent from our beloved America. In our country we were accustomed to hail this day with every demonstration of joy, as the birth-day of our independence. Here, no one seemed to know, or care anything about it. Commodore Porter invited the few Americans resident at the capital, to dine with him—he sent an invitation for us, but we were not in time to accept it. The American flag was hoisted, and they tried to feel very patriotic, I believe.

We were much delighted to find Mr. Merrick still here waiting our arrival. He was just on the eve of departure when he heard of our arrival at Smyrna, and remained to accompany us. He is a fine young man, and destined to the Mohammedans of Persia. He will accompany us to Tabreez, where he will remain a few weeks, and then proceed to Teheran for the purpose of studying the Persian language. We consider it a very great favor to have his company. He has been here six

months, during which he has studied Turkish, and has become somewhat acquainted with Oriental manners and customs. Besides, Mr. Perkins has sent a man from Tabreez, who is now at Trebizond, to be our dragoman and servant; so we anticipate little trouble in travelling. We shall probably take horses from Trebizond to Tabreez. It is perfectly astonishing how much these horses will carry at a load—140 *okes;* an oke is about two pounds and three quarters. We can carry many more articles than we supposed in America. We expect with ourselves and our baggage to occupy eight or ten horses, Mr. Merrick about the same number, which, together with our servant and the surijees or drivers, will make a train of twenty horses and upward. We take a tent to serve as our house; also our cooking utensils, eating implements, &c.

I no longer dread this journey, but look forward to it with pleasure. Intercourse between Constantinople and Tabreez is very frequent. Mr. Goodell says he has received letters from Mr. Perkins once a month since he has been there. He says it is much easier to communicate with America from Persia than from Beyroot, or any part of Syria. So, my dear father, I shall not be quite out of the world, even in Ooroomiah. Mr. Perkins is anxiously awaiting our arrival, to proceed to Ooroomiah to commence operations. He intends to do something in the way of schools. Lancasterian schools are the most approved. I find that they are established at all the stations. Here is an Armenian and Greek boys' school to which a high school is attached, also a school for Greek girls, all on the Lancasterian plan.

By the efforts of the missionaries, schools have been opened among the Turkish soldiers; there are eight schools containing four thousand scholars. Indeed the Turks seem to be as much affected by the mission as any other people. They are considered by the American residents here as a noble people; needing only civilization and the Gospel to render them ornaments to the world.

The doctor's arrival seems to excite considerable interest among the people. Some one comes for medical advice almost every day. Last week, on Friday, we went to Otarqui, a village up the Bosphorus, to see some sick persons. An Armenian banker had been to see the doctor a few days before, and had derived benefit from his prescriptions. His daughter was sick, and he wished us to come and see her. We also had quite a curiosity to see an Armenian family. I thought I had seen neat houses before, but this was the climax of neatness. The parlors and family rooms in this country are all up stairs, two and sometimes three flights. No person is allowed to go up stairs with shoes on. We took extra pairs, and changed our shoes in the entrance. Sofas enrich the room on three sides; these are most delightful articles of furniture; so wide as to serve for a bed at night. The natives sit upon their feet cross-legged on the sofas.

Sofas, mirrors, and occasionally a few chairs, and a small table constitute the furniture of a parlor.

The refreshments consisted of sweetmeats, served in glass bowls, which the lady of the house or some near female relative takes in her hand, and with a spoon passes it to all the guests, each taking a spoonful. She gives

each one a clean spoon. After this comes cold water in glass bowls with handles, then coffee, in cups about the size of a thimble, holding half a gill, coffee grounds and all, with a little sugar, but no milk. The cups are placed in metal stands, similar in shape to a wine-glass—these are a protection to the fingers from the hot coffee.

The mode of salutation seemed very strange at first—a touch of the breast and forehead, with a bow; not a syllable uttered. The ladies always rise whenever their husbands or any gentlemen enter the room, and remain standing until they are seated. This, too, seems very strange to an American.

We went also from the house of the banker to the Grand Vizier's. He was not at home. With his wife we were much pleased. She was dressed in the French style, except a *turban*, and her manners were quite Frank. We were told that they were adopting Frank customs in their family.

We also visited Mr. Rhodes, an American gentleman, who came out with Henry Eckford, Esq., and has been engaged ever since in building ships for the Sultan. He has acquired the confidence of the Sultan to a greater degree than any other foreigner—is admitted to personal interviews with him, and walks arm in arm with him through the garden of the Seraglio;* which, by the way, is the most delightful spot in all Constantinople. The wall of the garden is three miles in circumference.

The present Sultan seldom occupies the palace of the Seraglio. He has several palaces up the Bosphorus, and

* It is a small city by itself, surrounded by ramparts and inclosing a park, in which a few antelopes may be seen reposing under the shady arbor, or gamboling upon the lawn. A. G.

about Constantinople, where he usually resides. He goes to some one of the numerous mosques every Friday, where all who wish can have a sight of his person. We went up the Bosphorus for this purpose, but did not obtain a good view of him. We saw him, and that was all: his caiques, or boats, are very splendidly ornamented with gilding; and he sits in a gilded canopy. The head of the caique is a large cock, a sacred bird among the Turks.

The present Sultan (the accent is on the last syllable,) is a man of far more liberal views on the subject of education, &c., than any of his predecessors. He takes great interest in the intellectual improvement of his subjects, as well as the internal improvement of his empire.

The missionaries here have been obliged to lay aside their translations of the Scriptures, to prepare lessons in geography, astronomy and geometry, and other branches of mathematics, for the schools among the Turks. They gave them a globe with only the meridians and the outlines of countries, &c., and they have filled it up in Turkish. They have just finished the translation of a geography from Malte Brun, which they are waiting to present to the Sultan's revision. They have also adopted our notions of astronomy, and have received three orreries from the mission for their schools.

They are also doing something in the way of engineering. Two enterprising young men are employed as engineers to lay out a road from the capital to Adrianople, 140 miles distant. Last year they completed a post road from Constantinople sixty miles into the interior, on the

direct road to Ooroomiah. They frequently come to make inquiries of us concerning our roads in America; indeed, they have a very high opinion of Americans. The gun-maker of the Sultan is an American.

Commodore Porter, though only a charge d'affaires, receives honors from the Porte equal to any foreign embassador. Indeed, a charge was never before known to have personal interviews with the Sultan.

You know you used to say, in sport, that you would come to Persia, and lay out roads for us. Who knows but you may have a chance before long? You might now find employ in the Turkish empire. How would you like to be engineer general of the Sublime Porte?

The Sultan has two steamboats for his own special accommodation, and that of his cabinet. Belonging to the mission there are an electric machine, magic lantern, telescope, and microscope, which attract and interest the people very much. They consider all these as instruments of exciting the attention of the people to the gospel, and feel that only a physician is necessary, to render their apparatus complete. The doctor goes to-morrow, by special invitation, to visit another Armenian banker, said to be the greatest man in the Armenian nation. The missionaries have tried in vain to gain access to him. He has heard of the doctor's skill, and desires to be benefitted by it. We have sometimes felt half-inclined to stop here, as the door seems so wide open. But Persia calls louder still for help, and duty says, Onward. The Shah, an English vessel which runs regularly between this and Trebizond, is now in port, and we expect to sail next week.

I am now writing in a room in Com. Porter's house at St. Stefano, a little village twelve miles from Constantinople. The mission families are all here spending the hot season, and for the purpose of avoiding the plague, which always rages with more or less violence during the hot season. Com. P. is a very pleasant man—exceedingly kind to the missionaries—opens his house for public worship on the Sabbath, when the American flag is generally hoisted. He has a delightful country-seat; the grounds, &c., are quite American in their appearance. We only sleep here, and still stay in Mr. Goodell's family. Mrs. Brown, the sister of Com. P., is a very pleasant, excellent woman. At present Mr. and Mrs. Schauffer and Mr. Merrick are their guests; all missionaries.

One fact I wish to mention. The Mohammedans, many, very many of them, are beginning to doubt the truth of the Koran, and to inquire about Christianity. As the hand of the Sultan is laid less heavily on the people, so in proportion are they improving intellectually and morally. The system of "cutting off heads" is nearly abolished, and the Sultan permits a grandson to live, a thing almost unknown.

To her Father.

ERZEROOM.

Since I wrote you from Constantinople, the waves of the stormy Euxine and the mountains of Armenia have increased the distance between us. But though the broad expanse of the Atlantic, Mediterranean, Marmora and Black seas separate us, "my heart, untravelled, still to thee returns!" Be assured that nothing but a sense of

duty would ever have induced me to think, for one moment, of leaving you. You are well aware that the path of duty is the path of happiness, and will readily believe me, when I assure you that I was never more happy than now. At times the thought that I am so very, very far from all my friends, makes me feel rather sad; yet, when I remember that our Friend above is equally present with you, as with me, and that he is abundantly able to supply all you need, I cease to be sad.

We left Constantinople, Aug. 19, in the Shah, an English vessel, bound to Trebizond, with fine accommodations, and an excellent captain, from whom we received every possible kindness and attention. The cabin and state-rooms are fitted up in a style not unbecoming any packet. We had a state-room, eight feet square, with two windows, two berths, and plenty of room for our trunks, &c. The cabin, furnished with sofas, contained a table large enough to accommodate eleven persons, with sideboards, &c. &c. Two English gentlemen were fellow passengers, Mr. Burgess, a merchant at Tabreez, and Capt. Johnson, his friend, travelling in Persia for pleasure. They were very kind to us.

After a tolerably pleasant passage, we arrived at Trebizond on the 30th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, American missionaries resident there, received us with much kindness and cordiality, and we passed three weeks very pleasantly with them. My experience proves the Euxine to be rough and stormy indeed. Trebizond I think decidedly the most beautiful place I have seen since I left America. Situated directly on the sea, its houses embosomed in fruit trees present very much the appearance

of an American town. We formed acquaintance with the French, Russian, and English Consuls. From the English Consul our friends receive every attention. They open their house for public worship on the Sabbath. We were also favored with an introduction to, and some acquaintance with his Excellency Mr. Ellis, embassador extraordinary to Persia. He was exceedingly kind to us, and repeatedly offered his assistance in any way we might desire. He would be most happy to do anything in his power to further our object.

We were detained some time at Trebizond for want of horses, which are unusually scarce this season, owing to the great amount of goods for the Persian market. We at length succeeded in obtaining the requisite number, and left Trebizond, Sept. 17th. Our company consists of Mr. Merrick, the doctor and myself, Nicholas, our interpreter and servant, three Nestorians, one of whom acts as our servant, the other two walk beside us for our protection, and assist in pitching our tent, &c. &c. Sixteen baggage and five saddle horses, with their drivers, compose our party.

Three hours or nine miles from Trebizond we pitched our tent, and spread our mattresses, in a valley inclosed in the mountains, near a little stream. After commending ourselves to our Father in heaven, as a family, we sought repose, and were lulled to sleep by the murmurs of the stream.

18th. Rose at 5, refreshed; after partaking of our simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, eggs and quail soup, eaten from a chest, standing, we again mounted, and began to ascend the mountain. The rain which had fallen

during the night, and continued at intervals during the day, rendered the rocks very slippery, and my horse would frequently slide some distance. With the assistance of the *katirgee* who led my horse, and of the Nestorian pedestrians who walked each side of my horse, to keep my saddle safe, my fears were allayed, and we ascended the mountain in safety; arrived at Chairlu about five P. M., having rode eight hours. As the rain still continued, we did not pitch our tent, but took up our quarters at the *khan*, or mountain hotel, consisting of one room with a ground floor, the roof of which is, on three sides, even with the ground. A cheerful fire greeted us on our entrance, and was very grateful after our long exposure to the cold mountain air. Here, on the fern beds, in each corner of the room nearest the fire, we spread our mattresses, and seated ourselves in Oriental style. After our supper of eggs, dried beef which we brought from America, and *yog oort*, or curdled milk, a favorite dish of the natives, of which I am very fond, (the milk is soured artificially, and the flavor of the dish resembles our buttermilk,) we again commended ourselves to God, and lay down to sleep.

19th. Rose very early, expecting to start, but were told that some of our baggage was still far down the mountain—the katirgees who had come with us had gone back for the rest. They did not return until after nine, when it was too late to start, as the next stage was eleven hours with no stopping place. One of the horses had rolled down the mountain, and was only saved by a tree from going into the torrent below. There was now no alternative but to stay quietly, not only this day, but the

next, which was the Sabbath. We felt very grateful that we had such comfortable quarters, and that our health and spirits were so good. We passed the day in reading and writing alternately, talked about our friends at home, &c.

20th. Passed a pleasant, quiet Sabbath. Mr. Merrick gave us a sermon from Romans, viii. 15, accompanied with the usual exercises. We thought and spoke of the "assembly of the saints," of "the great congregation."

21st. Rose early, breakfasted, and started at six, in the rain which continued nearly all day. Our path led up the steep side of the mountain, sometimes so near the brink of the precipice that I was obliged to exert every nerve to retain my seat on the horse. We were enabled to attain the summit in safety, when we found ourselves far above the clouds, probably four thousand feet above the sea. The summit of the mountain was level to a considerable extent, but entirely destitute of trees. The general features of the country reminded me of Scottish scenery; high mountains, deep glens, mountain-torrents, shepherds with their flocks, engaged in spinning and knitting—all resemble the ideas I have of the highlands of Scotland. The lands on the mountain were cultivated in every spot which the hand of industry could reach. As we descended the other side we found dry weather, and in the valley there appeared to have been no rain. Our stage of eleven hours was accomplished at four P. M., and we stopped for the night at the village of Yagli-moor-derrah, or valley of rain.

As the village contains no khan, and the weather was too cold for our tent, a cottage was vacated for our accommodation, and we slept admirably in the room with the cows, horses, and servants.

I am aware this sounds strangely to American ears, and will probably call forth sympathy and pity for our comfortless situation. But I assure you these things seem far worse in *story*, across the Atlantic, than experience really proves them to be. I never slept more comfortably in my life than this night. This illustrates one happy fact in the constitution of our system—the power of accommodating ourselves to circumstances: however unpleasant and disagreeable in prospect, we can find much that is amusing and comfortable.

22nd. Rose at four, breakfasted, and mounted again at eight. We were favored during our stay with calls from all the inhabitants of the village; especially the female part. They seemed to take a great fancy to me, as I was probably the first Frank lady ever at the village. They examined minutely every part of my dress, and made such remarks as suited their taste and convenience. They all assembled to witness our departure, and assured me of their affection for me by repeated "choke severims," much I love you—"khosh gelden," glad to see you—"choke salam," much peace go with you. Some of them came down the mountain to have the last farewell. I was amused and affected with this simple display of native kindness of heart from these poor degraded Turkish women. Oh, that the blessed gospel was read and its principles practiced by them! My feelings and sympathies were strongly enlisted in their behalf. A

copy of the New Testament was left there with which they seemed much pleased: we hope and pray that its precious truths may prove the savor of life unto life to these souls. After a ride of eight hours over the mountains, where the thermometer fell to 42°, (the day before to 39°,) we descended into the valley of Balla Hor, where signs of cultivation and civilization began to appear. The region through which we had passed was entirely barren; rugged rocks covered the tops of the mountain, and gave to the whole scene a desolate and cheerless aspect; but here we were greeted with the sight of flocks and herds, wheat-fields and threshing-floors, and carts loaded with grain drawn by buffaloes. An hour brought us to the village of Balla Hor, and we gladly took up our quarters at the khan—a room raised four feet above the stable, with an open railing around it. We had scarcely seated ourselves on the cushion, brought for us from a neighboring house, when we were surprised and delighted by the arrival of our dear Mr. Perkins. He had heard of our arrival at Constantinople, and for my sake had come on from Tabreez to meet us, that we might be spared trouble and inconvenience on the road. He had already been at Erzeroom three weeks, and had started the day before by Tartar for Trebizond; fortunately we met here, and thus saved him the trouble of going all the way to Trebizond.

We are very, very glad to see him. You can imagine it, I think, a great object to have him with us, as he is acquainted with the road and with the language.

23rd. Rose at three, breakfasted, and started at six.

A delightful ride of four and a half hours brought us to Baiboot. For the first time I took the reins this morning. It was rather dull work to have my horse led; on the mountains it was necessary; but our road to-day led over a delightful plain. Pitched our tents at eleven, on the flat beside the river Joroke, which runs through the city of Baiboot. Dined on mutton-soup, mutton-steak, and water-melon. It was a comfortable day of rest to us, and at night we hung our curtain, spread our mattresses, and sought repose.

24th. Much refreshed this morning, mounted at half past six—pleasant, but cold. Our road led along the banks of the river for several hours. We then crossed it and followed a tributary for some distance. We met a party of boys and men, headed by a Turkish officer, who had been out into the country and forced these into the service of the army. They were on their way to Constantinople. This is a wretched system—no better than the slave trade. On our way we passed a mineral spring, the waters of which resemble in taste the Congress water of Saratoga.

25th. Passed the night comfortably in our tent, and crossed the mountain, from the summit of which we had a distant view of Erzeroom, at the eastern extremity of the plain of that name. Descended into the plain, and stopped at the first village for the night.

26th. Rose at one, breakfasted, and started at four, to avoid the heat of the day, which would be oppressive on

the plain. This plain is perfectly level for a space of twelve miles square, exceedingly fertile, nearly destitute of trees. We visited the hot springs, twelve miles from the city. The temperature is about 106°, and the water boils up very prettily from the ground, and they are much resorted to for bathing. We crossed the Euphrates, which rises near Erzeroom, and were kindly received by Messrs. Abbot and Zohrab, English merchants here; they insisted on our stopping with them, and offered every assistance in their power.

Mr. Perkins preached there yesterday, Sabbath. I find myself very little fatigued; indeed, I am confident that I could have made a journey of 189 miles in no other manner with as little fatigue. I attribute it to my saddle —a chair with back and arms, and a board for my feet; so it is like sitting in a chair instead of a saddle. We have engaged horses, and intend to set off to-morrow for Tabreez, in company with Mr. Burgess and Captain Johnson.

To her Father.

TABREEZ, Persia.

My last letter, dated Sept. 26th, left me at Erzeroom, where we remained until the 29th, experiencing much kindness and attention from our English friends, to whom we feel much indebted and attached. Our journey from thence to Tabreez was prosperous and delightful beyond anything we had dared to anticipate. As the incidents of the journey can best be given in the form of a journal, I will, with your permission, continue in the same manner with former letters:

Sept. 29th. Left Erzeroom at half-past twelve, rode twenty-four miles, over the plain of Hassan Kulaah, (fortress of Hassan, pronounced Hassan Colly,) and stopped for the night in a stable—our tent having remained behind without our consent, through the carelessness of our muleteer.

It was after dark when we arrived, and I was exceedingly fatigued. By the light of the moon, which shines very brightly in this country, we selected a place for our tent, but were obliged, after waiting some time, to adjourn to the stable, which had been engaged by some English friends who had preceded us. It was a loft, eight feet above the stable, with a railing around it. In the stable were six horses, four donkeys, three buffaloes and their calves, altogether a most musical company. As I entered the chamber, eight feet by twelve, the stench from the stable, and the tobacco-smoke, with which the room had been filled for our accommodation, as an antidote to the other perfumes, well nigh suffocated me. I was nearly out of breath, from walking some distance, and the smoke irritating my lungs, occasioned a violent fit of coughing. From this I soon recovered, and became quite reconciled to our narrow quarters. Our supper consisted of boiled milk and bread, and hard-boiled eggs, which we ate without any other apparatus than a wooden spoon for each, from one wooden dish, placed in the centre of our Oriental table. The spirits of our party seemed to rise in proportion as our comforts diminished, and we ate our meal in high glee and with a fine relish—after which we all addressed ourselves to sleep.

30th. We awoke at three, somewhat refreshed—partook of a breakfast similar to our supper last night—and mounted our horses at six. This place, once celebrated for its strength, is now neglected and in decay. The fortress, built on a rock, seventy-five feet in height, is capable of sustaining a tremendous siege—were it only manned, and kept in repair—but so much is the place neglected, that not even the gates of the town are closed at night. We this day crossed the river Arras (ancient Araxes) on a fine stone bridge, somewhat out of repair, seven arches of hewn stone—and the bridge was five hundred feet in length, according to our estimation when we crossed it. Tradition says, this bridge was built by a wealthy shepherd, who, having thus immortalized himself, passed the rest of his days as a hermit on the summit of a precipice, which here overhangs the river. Some are of opinion that it is of Roman architecture—but all is conjecture concerning it. We stopped at Amra Khoy, twenty-five miles from Hassan-Kulaah, or, in Turkish reckoning, six hours and twenty minutes.

Oct. 1st. Left Amray Khoy at four, and reached Delly Baba at twelve, travelling seven and a half hours, or thirty miles, over a pleasant, undulating country. We pitched our tent beside a pleasant stream, and remained until ten in the evening, when we again mounted, and reached Mollah Solyman, on the other side of the mountain, at one the next day, riding fourteen hours, a distance of forty-five miles. Our object in thus travelling in the night, was to be under the protection of the caravans, which we joined at Delly Baba, belonging to Mr. Burgess,

an English merchant at Tabreez. He was also in company, together with two other English gentlemen. The caravan consisted of six hundred horses, several mules and donkeys, and eight or ten camels; they were attended by a Turkish officer and ten horsemen, as a guard against the Kurds, who were at this time in a disturbed state, having only a short time before ravaged several villages near Kars, in retaliation for unjust exactions, made by the pasha of Erzeroom. The road we took over the mountain was considered the most unsafe—but we found no difficulty or danger by the way.

3rd. Left Mollah Solyman, and fairly entered the Kurdish country—consisting of immense fertile plains, used entirely for pasturage. We felt a little apprehension, but nothing occurred to disturb us. We passed several Kurds, whom we took for spies. They eyed us very closely, and passed on. We stopped near Kara Keleseh, (black church,) pitched our tents in a fort made of the boxes, for protection, and slept securely.

6th. Left our encampment this morning at half-past two, visited the Armenian convent at Uch Keleeseh, said to be the largest church in the Armenian nation. It is a venerable pile of hewn stone-work, built by King Dittub, soon after his conversion to Christianity. It is situated on the bank of the Euphrates, near the spot where the king was baptized by St. Georgio, 1535 years ago. The convent is now occupied by eight ecclesiastics, one bishop, three priests and four deacons. We were kindly received by the bishop, who invited our whole party to behold

their morning devotions in the Church. They consisted of a series of unmeaning prostrations and signs, with occasional repetitions of prayers, and passages of Scripture in the ancient Armenian, a language wholly unintelligible to the common people. These ecclesiastics, especially the bishop, bore evident marks of intemperance. We were told that it was their custom to beg spirits of travellers, to satisfy their own depraved appetites. Melancholy indeed is the state of a Church whose bishops and priests are guilty of such meanness. The intemperance of nominal Christians is proverbial among Mohammedans—so much so, that it is a common saying among them when a man is seen intoxicated, "that man has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus!" Horrid, horrid blasphemy! And then (I blush to say it) the great quantity of spirits brought into the country in the shape of *New England rum*, and other kindred poisons, tends constantly to increase the evil. Well may the American Churches multiply their missionaries to Persia, if it were only to repair the injury and relieve the misery occasioned by their NEW ENGLAND RUM!

The sun was just rising as we left the convent, and we had a splendid near view of Mount Ararat, as it lifted its hoary head, white with eternal snows, far above the clouds. We also saw several tents of Kurds at a distance, perhaps two hundred. They are covered with a coarse kind of black hair-cloth, with six, seven, eight, and ten poles about a foot from the ground, they place a network of reeds to admit the light and air. Usually two or three families occupy the same tent, and their household furniture consists of a pot, in which they cook their

dinner, a few wooden spoons, and perhaps a few earthen bowls—together with their blankets, which serve for beds, and the few articles which compose their family wardrobe. We saw several families removing from their tents on the plains, to their winter-quarters in the villages under the mountains. They use oxen as beasts of burden.

The women always drive the animals, and the men and older children walk beside, while the younger are carried in sacks swung over the back of the animal. It is really laughable to see the heads of the children peeping out of the sack, two or three in a row. Diadeen, a Kurdish town, was our next encampment; thence to a Kurdish village under the mountains, opposite Bayeseed.

9th. Started about two o'clock this morning, and crossed the ridge of mountains which separates Turkey from Persia. My horse, for some reason, took to kicking this morning. For a while, I retained my seat, but at length the arms of my saddle broke, and I was precipitated to the ground. Fortunately, however, I was not in the least injured. My saddle was transferred to another horse, and I reached Keleeseh, the first village in Persia, in safety.

10th. Left Keleeseh at an early hour, and came to Kara Aineh, a long and tedious ride of seven or eight hours. To-day we notice some characteristics of Persian scenery—every village is surrounded by a grove of trees, and every field and garden by a mud-wall, with the appearance of which I am quite pleased. In Turkey, there are no trees, nor fences, and the men all appear very in-

dolent. In Persia, the men manifest far more activity and enterprise.

11th. From Kara Aineh we came to Zorabah, and encamped near a beautiful grove of trees. The poplar and silver-leafed willow, which bears a fruit similar in appearance to the date, are the principal shade-trees. A pretty stream ran beside our tent, and turned a flour-mill at a little distance. The sound of the mill, and the murmuring of the wind through the trees, made us think of home, and led us to talk about dear America, and the loved ones we had left there.

12th. Left Zorabah at one; crossed the mountain and descended to the plain of Khoy, twelve miles in extent, exceedingly fertile, and interspersed with beautiful gardens. The plain is watered by canals, which carry the water in all directions. Here, we saw fields of melons, with a little house for watchers to be in, which reminded us of the Scripture expression, "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." *Cucumber* in the original signifies *melon*. The appearance of Khoy is indeed enchanting. Here we first saw the distinctive features of Persian scenery; namely, immense fertile plains stretching to the very base of mountains, which are the personification of sterility. We reached the city at nine o'clock, and pitched our tent outside the walls; did not go into the city. The cholera had just commenced its ravages there, on its way from Tabreez, where it had been making dreadful havoc, carrying off two hundred per day. Mr. Perkins, as well as ourselves, felt exceedingly anxious, as Mrs. Perkins was alone in Tabreez. Left Khoy at three, and reached

Aly Seid at nine, four hours distant; a delightful road, broad and level, inclosed by trees, extends two miles from the city to the bridge, which crosses Khoy river, the principal river which waters the plain. Through the whole country from Trebizond to Tabreez, a wheel-carriage would run with little difficulty a greater part of the way, with the exception of the high mountains, and these could easily be made practicable. I used often to wish that you were with us, to enjoy the delightful scenery, and see the fine places, and to make roads. Indeed, I do hope that you will some time or other see this delightful country. You would be surprised and delighted with the comforts that may be had in a mud-walled house; the *name*, I know, sounds rather dismal, but could you see the regular outside, and the beautiful inside, you would no longer talk about mud hovels.

We met this morning a large company of pilgrims, from the interior of Persia—Kermanshaw—among whom were seven ladies. They were going to Mecca, by way of Erzeroom and Damascus—a distance of two thousand miles, which, with the return, will be increased to four thousand!—a long journey, indeed, to make for the sole purpose of visiting the birth-place and tomb of their prophet; and by this they think to secure eternal happiness. Vain hope! sad expectation!—how will they find their fond hopes disappointed!

This morning Mr. Perkins left us to hasten to Mrs. P., and we hope soon to follow.

13th. Crossed this morning the last ridge of mountains, from the summit of which we had a fine view of the lake

of Ooroomiah, and the plain of Tabreez, by moonlight. About sunrise, we came on to the plain, and saw the lake to good advantage: encamped near its bank. The water was perfectly smooth, and appeared truly delightful. Aly Shah was our next encampment, and the last, Dezeh Khaleel, which is the most beautiful village we passed on our whole course. The abundance of trees about it gave it the appearance of an American forest.

15th. Rose at one, and rode twenty-four miles to Tabreez. The plain is not so fertile as that of Khoy; immense tracts are rendered barren by salt incrustations on the surface. We found Mrs. Perkins in good health, and had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Riach, physician to the English embassy at Teheran. He is a Scotchman, a talented man, and fervently pious. He has been a firm friend of Mr. and Mrs P. ever since their arrival in Persia. His Excellency Mr. Ellis, embassador extraordinary to this court, whom I mentioned in my last as having seen at Trebizond, made many offers of aid, and of his own accord proposed that we should apply for British protection. He manifested much sincere interest in the success of our mission. Mr. P. has applied, and received a passport in Persian and English, and the doctor will do the same soon.

Thus, you see, our dreaded journey is at last accomplished, and that speedily; twenty-eight days from Trebizond to Tabreez, four of which we did not travel—a distance of six hundred miles—a much shorter time than it was ever known to be performed in by a lady.

About a week after our arrival, the doctor went to

Ooroomiah for the purpose of securing a house, and making other arrangements preparatory to our removal thither. After an absence of two weeks, he yesterday returned, delighted with his visit and reception by the governor, and success in obtaining a house. He says the house is pleasantly situated, and can easily be made comfortable. The governor expressed much satisfaction at his coming, and assisted him essentially in procuring a house. The Nestorians are all waiting with open arms to receive us, though we feel that much allowance must be made for Oriental figures. Physicians in this country carry with them a passport which procures access to all classes of people. We expect to remove thither in one week.

CHAPTER V.

On the 20th November, 1835, Dr. and Mrs. Grant arrived at Ooroomiah, the city of their future abode, and where a mission had already been commenced by the Rev. Mr. Perkins and lady. This mission, as is well known to the Christian world, has become one of great interest, both from its location and the character and condition of the people for whose benefit it was more especially established. There, it is supposed, was the residence of Zoroaster, and tradition assigns the city of Ooroomiah as the place whence the wise men of the east went forth, following the star which rested over Bethlehem. Men of learning and ardent piety are there. Christian Churches are awakening from their long slumbers. Schools are established where science and the arts are taught. The children of the early Christians are instructed in the true doctrines of Christianity, and the descendants of Zoroaster are acquiring a correct knowledge of astronomy, on the same beautiful plain where, in ages long gone by, their fathers looked out upon the clear blue heavens, and marked the moon and the stars as they ran their nightly courses.

In the city of Ooroomiah there are about twenty thousand inhabitants, of whom six hundred are Nestorian Christians, about two thousand Jews, and the residue are

Mohammedans. A large number of Nestorians reside in the villages upon the plain, but the great body of them dwell amid the mountains of Koordistan. In the Appendix will be found some extracts from the journal of Dr. Grant, giving an account of his first visit to this most interesting people. The following letters from Mrs. Grant will give to the reader the details of her own missionary life. Those who may wish to obtain a more minute and accurate account of this mission, will find it in the large and valuable work recently published by the Rev. Mr. Perkins, entitled, "*Residence in Persia among the Nestorians.*

We resume extracts from her journal.

OOROOMIAH, PERSIA, November 22nd.

Sabbath eve. Various emotions fill my mind as I this evening take my pen to make a record in my journal. Since I last wrote, the good hand of my God has led me through a variety of scenes and circumstances, in all of which his loving kindness and tender mercy has continually followed me.

He has preserved me from danger on the mighty deep —from perils on land—from robbers and pestilence; has permitted me to form many pleasant acquaintances, to whom I am much attached, and has at last brought me in safety to this place of my destination. He has so wonderfully and graciously prepared the way for our entering in among the people, it seems almost too much to be believed; but with God all things are possible. I will, therefore, never distrust or disbelieve. It was really affecting to be addressed in my own language, on

my first entrance—to hear the Gospel read in my own tongue, and to join in praising God with the people of our charge. What wonders hath the Lord wrought! Bless the Lord, oh, my soul! let all that is within me bless his holy name.

The erection of a family altar, too, in our own home, was to me a solemn and interesting occasion. Grant, Lord, that here we may often receive the visits of thy grace, and drink deeply of that spirit which can alone qualify us for our work.

To Rev. Arthur Burtis and Lady.

OORROOMIAH, PERSIA, December 19th, 1835.

MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIENDS:

Saturday evening is, you know, the time when we most love to think of our absent friends, to recall past scenes and their actors. And how often do we wish that the *actual* forms and faces of our loved ones, could as easily be brought before us, as can their images.

Among my reminiscences of home and beloved America, your dear G**** and A***** hold a very prominent place. Your little room at Fort Plain, with its occupants, is the frequent theme of thought and conversation with husband and myself.

When I think of the kind interest you have ever manifested in my poor, unworthy self, I am almost ashamed that I have not before written to you. This I have intended to do at our different halting places; but our stay at each has been so short as to afford me only time to

write to my father, and one or two other friends. You will, therefore, please pardon the neglect, if such it has appeared to you.

From my previous letters to Pa, and others, you have probably heard of our safe arrival at Tabreez, October 15th, five months from our embarkation at Boston. Our journey of nearly 8000 miles was performed in the short space of three months. Every part of our journey we found exceedingly pleasant, particularly that over land, which, in America, I so much dreaded. I am astonished at the ease with which I endured the fatigue of travelling on horseback day after day, for four weeks, often arising at one or two o'clock, and riding until noon the next day. The Lord, blessed be his name, graciously fulfilled his promise, "As thy day is, so thy strength shall be," and thus enabled me to overcome with ease, and even to *enjoy* that which appeared so formidable.

We found that true happiness does not depend on place or circumstances, but that, in the path of duty, a tent, or *stable*, with or without beds, a hard boiled egg, and a bit of bread for our supper, could afford pleasures, and even comforts, which all the wealth and luxuries of the world could not impart, while the conviction rested upon us that our *duty* called us another way.

We were met, as you already know, by our dear Br. Perkins at Erzeroom, or rather between that place and Trebizonde. His presence proved a great assistance as well as comfort to us. His acquaintance with the language and manners of the people, enabled us to avoid many of the mistakes to which strangers, travelling in this country, are liable. We consider his coming to meet

us, as a special favor from Providence, for which we desire to be grateful.

About one week after our arrival at Tabreez, Dr. Grant came to Ooroomiah, to secure a house, and make other arrangements relative to our removal hither, which object was finally accomplished by our safe arrival here, November 20th.

On our way, we stopped over night with Mar Yohanna, the bishop who, you recollect, spent most of the last year with Mr. Perkins, at Tabreez, as his Syrian teacher. He lives at Gavalan, a village one day's ride from the city. I wish you could have witnessed our reception. I am sure it would have cheered *your* hearts as it did ours, to see so much simple joy manifested by all.

The bishop, aware of our approach, came galloping out to meet us, his whole countenance glowing with animation and delight. "How do you do? I am glad to see you," were the first words we heard. To be thus addressed in our own language, at the outset of my missionary career was quite affecting. At the entrance of the village we were met by most or all of the male inhabitants, the bishop's father, a priest, at their head. They all took off their caps, and gave us a hearty welcome. Mar Yohanna's mother, a most interesting old lady, met us at the door, and to our repeated inquiries after her health, only replied, "Khosh geldin, Khosh geldin,"—I am glad to see you, I am glad to see you. She is mother of five sons and two daughters, all bright and intelligent. Her husband seems to be a *natural* scholar: besides reading his own language fluently, he taught himself to read both Persian and Arabic. I was exceedingly pleased with the

whole family. During our stay, the bishop called his brother, a boy of fourteen, to come and read to us. We supposed of course he would read in his own language; but, to our surprise, he produced an English Testament from his pocket, and began the second chapter of Matthew, all of which he read with far less hesitation than most boys of his age in our common schools. This boy has been taught by Mar Yohanna, who himself, less than one year ago, knew not one word of English. This fact shows the desire of this people for instruction, and their ability to learn readily. For my part, I was quite overcome, and could only sit and weep while he read, inwardly thanking God for what mine eyes saw and ears heard. The bishop said that "he and his people were more glad at our coming than if we had brought them the whole world."

The next day, Mar Yohanna accompanied us to the city, and with his brother above mentioned, who is our *medical student,* make up our family circle; and a happy one it is, I assure you. They read and sing with us at our devotions, and seem to take much interest in our religious exercises. But, alas! we have great reason to fear that their *hearts* are not in it. Still it is interesting and encouraging to observe their love and reverence for the word of God. This is their rule of *faith*, and I wish I could say, of *practice*. It is, at all events, the *standard*, and the *only* one, by which they judge of the right or wrong of an action. You would be surprised to hear how *aptly*, *correctly* and *frequently*, they quote from the sacred oracles. I often blush to think of the lamentable ignorance of many in our own country of this blessed

book; who have enjoyed the best religious instruction from their very cradles, and yet care very little or nothing about the Bible and its glorious truths. Here, these truths are concealed from the mass of the people, in a language perfectly unintelligible to them. Mr. Perkins, with the assistance of the priest who was with the bishop at Tabreez—who, by the way, is a man of sterling mind, well acquainted with the ancient and modern Syriac, and well qualified for the work of translating—is now engaged in preparing school cards on the Lancasterian plan, in the modern tongue; and we hope, in a few weeks, to have a school for teachers in operation on our own premises, under the care and superintendence of this priest.

He, together with Mar Gabriel, another bishop, the highest in office—being metropolitan, and the most talented in the province—and the little boy who, you will recollect, was mentioned in Mr. Perkins's journal, as being given to him by his father when he visted Ooroomiah last year, reside with Mr. Perkins.

Our houses are in the same yard, face each other, and form two sides of the hollow square, inclosed by walls. The court is ninety feet square, surrounded by walks paved with broad, flat stones, inclosing on each side of the middle walk two flower gardens, each containing five or six tall sycamore trees. A beautiful stream of water runs through the court, which answers every purpose of cooking, drinking, washing, &c. Our house is next the street. Behind Mr. Perkins's, we have a fine garden, large enough for our corn and potatoes, in which are fifteen tall sycamores. Our houses are each sufficiently large to accommodate us, and exceedingly comfortable.

We have already repaired them in European style a little, such as glass windows, latched doors, &c., which are objects of great curiosity to the natives. These repairs, together with the two chairs, table and stand, which we brought from Tabreez, make us feel quite at home as to furniture. Then the great abundance, not only of "everything necessary for food," but of the *luxuries* of life, make us feel that we are indeed in a land of promise, a land literally "flowing with milk and honey."

I often wish that those of our friends who feared so much for our *loss of comfort* in Persia, could look in upon us, see our comfortable and pleasant dwelling, and sit down at our table and partake with us of the rich bounties of Providence. I am sure they would feel, as we do, that our sacrifices, on the score of *personal comfort*, are *nothing* and less than *nothing*.

We feel, and most *keenly* feel, our loss of the Christian privileges and social intercourse of our dear native land. These form a void which, as yet, nothing can fill. But we trust friends will ere long be raised up, and those with whom "we can take sweet counsel together, and go to the house of God in company.

Our reception is as cordial and encouraging as we could wish. Our coming is hailed with great joy by multitudes. Our house, or that part appropriated to the doctor, is daily thronged with the "lame, the halt, and the blind, and those sick with divers diseases," who come in crowds to be healed. Mussulmen and Christians alike come for medicine—indeed, the Mussulmen seem to suppose we have come as much for their benefit as the Christians'. The Governor is very kind and attentive—

often sends to inquire after our health, and whether we are in need of any assistance he can afford. When the doctor and Mr. Perkins called to see him, he inquired if Mr. P. intended to have a school. He said yes. "That's well," the Governor replied, "and I presume you will have a great many scholars." The Feradge Basha, or head of government servants, comes every two or three days to see us. He eats at our table, and converses as freely and familiarly with us as an old friend. And, what is stranger still for an Asiatic, comes with his wife, who has been for some time under the Doctor's care. He seems strongly attached to her, and is not afraid or ashamed to manifest it. Several noblemen and Moolahs, with their families, are among the doctor's patients. He frequently visits Mussulmen families, eats with them, and receives every mark of attention and gratitude. Indeed, he has heard them thank God that he did not refuse to prescribe for a Mussulman. And the Feradge Basha one day said, that in every prayer they gave thanks to God for our coming.

All this seems very gratifying, as we had many fears on this score, and some of our English friends were quite decided in the opinion that we should not leave Tabreez without a special firman from the Shah. But, from present appearances, and with our English passports, we apprehend no danger. Our only desire is, that these flattering prospects may not induce us to trust in man, but teach us to feel our own weakness, and trust only in God. How desirable that a right direction may be given to the earnest desires of the Nestorians for instruction, and that the confidence of the Mahometan population may be rightly used by us. They often inquire if we do not intend to

have a Mahometan school? Oh! that the thing were practicable. We hope it may be. Pray, dear brother and sister, that all our measures may be adopted in great wisdom, and be attended with glorious success from on high. We are weak, and constantly liable to err, but we know that God is able to raise in great power that which was sown in weakness. He is also able to give wisdom to him that lacketh, and he will give liberally and upbraid not. Encouraging promise! and to none more so than missionaries.

We find it necessary for common purposes to speak the Turkish language. All classes speak it; indeed, it is the universal language of conversation. Persian is used in business transactions. The present king is a Turk, and Turkish is now fast becoming the court language. The Turkish of Aderbijan is very dissimilar to the Osmanly, or that spoken at Constantinople—so much so, that they can hardly understand each other. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins both speak it well, as they studied the Osmanly at Constantinople, and the Aderbijance at Tabreez. Neither the doctor nor myself have made it a study, as there are no printed books in this dialect. One of the German brethren at Tabreez has written a small grammar—still in manuscript—and Mr. Perkins a dictionary of some twenty thousand words. With the little aid which he obtains from these from day to day, the doctor is enabled to make the necessary inquiries, and give the necessary directions, without an interpreter, if required, though Mar Yohanna usually acts in that capacity. We both intend to learn the Syriac eventually; I have already made a beginning, and have completed the first five chap-

ters of Matthew. I find it far easier than I expected, and exceedingly interesting, from the fact that it is the same language spoken by our Saviour, and in which he communicated instructions to his disciples.

But I must think about bringing this long letter to a close. When I sit down to write, I have so much to say that before I am aware, my sheet is full. I have not yet learned to be concise enough. I find, too, that I am becoming quite *egotistical;* but I know of nothing which will more interest you than *ourselves* and our concerns. I hope when you write us, you will tell us all about yourselves, your congregation, your labors, &c. &c. What is the state of religion at Fort Plain? Cherry Valley? Cooperstown? Much love to dear Mr.********, your father and mother, Sarah, grandmother. I am very anxious to hear from you all. How is Armenia? her mother and family? How is dear little Morse? Do kiss him a great many times for me. Mr. and Mrs. D********, too, how are they?

I feel that absence and distance from those I love, only serves to strengthen my affection for them; and I trust, also, to look forward with increased pleasure to our meeting in that blessed world, where partings are unknown. Husband desires much love to you all.

In gratitude, esteem and affection,

Yours, very truly,

JUDITH S. GRANT.

OOROOMIAH, PERSIA, Feb. 17, 1836.

From your brother Arthur, to whom I have recently written, you will probably learn some facts relative to our journey and arrival here, Nov. 20th; also, of the

flattering prospects with which our mission was established. The Nestorians, for whose particular benefit our mission is designed, are, as you are probably aware, a branch of the Oriental Church, who separated themselves from the Catholics about the middle of the fifth century, and differ from them by rejecting, entirely, the worship of images and pictures, and the practice of oricular confession, and by allowing to all free access to the *Word* of *God*, making it on all subjects their ultimate standard of appeal.

So much averse are they to the worship of images, &c., that they do not like books with plates. They are a very frank, simple-hearted people, exceedingly oppressed and degraded; yet many of them are sensible of their low condition, and desirous to be elevated in the scale of intellectual existence. The simple fact, that for so many years they have maintained their existence as a Church, exhibiting at least the *form* of Godliness amid so many powerful temptations to abandon their religion, is enough to enlist our sympathies for them. We can but hope that the Lord, by thus preserving them from the follies and absurdities of Mohammedanism on the one side, and from the errors and superstition of Romanism on the other, designs them as powerful instruments in the illumination of this dark land. Certain it is, that they are most hopeful subjects of missionary labor. The Scriptures and all their literature are in the ancient Syriac, which few understand but the ecclesiastics, and they but very imperfectly: still, they all have a great reverence for the Bible, and many of them have an intimate knowledge of its contents. Their views of divine truth are very correct and evangelical,

often strikingly so. On Sabbath afternoon, we have a Bible class in their language, attended by the boys belonging to the school which we have established on our premises. One of our ecclesiastics, either the bishop or priest, usually presides—Mr. Perkins assisting in Turkish, as he does not speak Syriac. It is extremely interesting and affecting to see three persons thus engaged in preaching the Gospel to their people. Their addresses are often solemn and pointed, and we are encouraged to hope that their hearts will not long remain untouched by that Spirit who, *through the truth*, converts and sanctifies the heart. We are everywhere received among them with joy, and welcomed as their friends and deliverers. We have in our family two bishops, two priests, one deacon, and a boy who is designed for a deacon. They all, except one bishop and priest, who have recently come to us, read English with tolerable fluency, and join with us in reading and singing at our family devotions. Were it not for our difference of language and dress, I should almost forget, sometimes, that I was in a foreign land. But, you must not think that the Nestorians are a religious people, in the *Gospel* sense of the term. No; very far from it. They are bigotedly attached to the forms and ceremonies of their religion. The year is nearly equally divided into fasts and feasts—fasts of thirty, forty and fifty days, are preceded and followed by seasons of feasting and riot. It seems as though invention had been racked, to assign pretences for fasts. They have a fast of fifty days, which corresponds to the season of Lent in the Episcopal Church; another of twenty-eight, to commemorate the birth of the Saviour; one of three days, in

memory of Jonah's residence in the whale; and many others too numerous to mention. They also fast on Wednesday and Friday of each week. They are very careful not to eat meat, milk, butter, eggs, or any animal food, though they may eat the usual quantity of other articles. It is indeed painful to witness such absurdities in those who profess to take the Bible as their rule of faith. Our strength is alone in the Lord, and from him must our help come. My husband finds his time almost wholly occupied with the sick, lame and blind, who come daily in crowds to be healed. May the great and good Physician take them under his care, and deliver them from the malady of sin! To expect, and even to hope that God will bless such unworthy labors as ours, seems almost presumption. Yet we have the "law and testimony" to encourage such hopes and expectations. Will you not pray, dear Armenia, and ask others to pray, that the set time to favor Zion among this people may speedily come? "Paul may plant, and Apollos may water in vain, unless God give the increase."

To her Cousin.

OORDOMIAH, PERSIA, April 13th, 1836.

MY DEAR MARGARET:

Looking over some papers this morning, I came across your last letter of March, 1835. The perusal of it recalled you so vividly to my recollection, that I determined to write you without delay, to convince you that you are not forgotten. Far from forgetting my friends, I seem to love them with increased affection as the distance between us increases. I often think, dear M.,

what a precious, blessed gift is memory; by its aid we are enabled to live over the past, and clothe it with all the freshness and glow of the present. Indeed, I am sometimes almost inclined to believe that present realities have very little effect upon us, and that the sum of happiness is made up of recollection and anticipation.

If this is, indeed, true, how are those to be pitied whose anticipations are confined to the objects of this vain and transitory world—who look not at those things which are "unseen and eternal!" If, too, the amount of happiness is in proportion to the certainty of the object anticipated, what an advantage does the Christian's hope possess! Earthly hopes may be, and often are, sadly disappointed; but those of the Christian remain firm as the Rock of Ages upon which they are founded. But pardon my moralizing strain.

You have undoubtedly heard, from time to time, through my letters to Pa, of our progress from stage to stage until our arrival and final settlement in Ooroomiah. The same kind hand which has hitherto sustained us, is with us still, and continues to make our way prosperous. Our prospects of success are encouraging in the highest degree. We are almost afraid to believe what our eyes see, and ears hear, almost daily, and rejoice tremblingly lest some sad reverse blight our expectations; yet we have a never failing source of consolation in the reflection, that the work is not ours, but His in whose hands, and with whom, nothing is impossible. Notwithstanding our flattering prospects, our hearts are continually sickening and bleeding at the depravity and degradation we are daily called to witness. Instances of deceit, treach-

ery, and ingratitude, are constantly occurring, to preserve us from being unduly elated, and show us our dependence on another than an arm of flesh.

As it regards natural beauties, this region may well be styled a "Paradise." An extensive, well watered, fertile plain, completely studded with shade and fruit trees, (for there are no forests,) containing upward of two hundred villages, surrounded by mountains on three sides, and on the other bounded by the lake of Ooroomiah, which, although much salter than the ocean, is still a beautiful sheet of water. The whole plain is cultivated like a garden—indeed, it is said, there is not a single acre of waste land in the whole province. It produces almost every fruit and vegetable of our own climate; but grapes, melons, pomegranates, peaches, &c., in great abundance, and of the finest quality. Grapes are quite a staple, and with bread, constitute a large portion of the food of all, and especially the lower classes. We have had them upon our table nearly every day during the whole winter.

They raise very fine wheat; but, as they have no convenience for bolting it, the flour is not very white or fine—it is much like the "Graham flour," and, of course, very wholesome. The bread is baked in public ovens, in loaves, or cakes, one yard and a quarter in length, half a yard in width, and about as thick as a common-sized buckwheat cake. At first, I felt the want of our bread, but have now become reconciled and attached to Persian bread. We find beef, mutton, poultry, eggs, and milk, in abundance; and, in place of sugar, which is very scarce, we have molasses made from grapes, which is a

most excellent substitute. Its taste more resembles maple molasses than anything I have before seen. So, you see, dear M., we are not at all deficient in the comforts, and necessaries, and luxuries of life. I often wish that my dear father could see how happily and pleasantly we are situated. I am sure his unpleasant forebodings and anticipations would vanish for ever. Our houses are in the same court, and front each other. Between them are two flower-gardens, filled with roses, tulips, pinks, daffodils, &c.; also several apple and cherry trees; a dozen lofty sycamore trees, whose branches are literally alive with feathered songsters, who cheer us with their warbling from daybreak to nightfall. A pretty stream of water runs through our garden and yard. In our garden, back of the houses, are several fruit and sycamore trees, on one of which a stork has built its nest, and fails not to charm us with its chattering. We are now erecting a house in the garden, to accommodate the boys belonging to our Nestorian school, which has been taught on our premises since January, and numbers thirty scholars. We hope to continue it, and make it a permanent boarding-school. Mr. Perkins has the superintendence of it, though it is taught by one of their own priests. My husband is constantly occupied in attending to his professional calls and the secular concerns of the mission. He frequently prescribes for fifty, sixty, and sometimes a hundred patients in a day, at his office, besides visiting some in the city and villages. He has now under his care the wife of a Kurdish Khan or chief, who has been brought two days' journey from the mountains, that he might prescribe for her. A physician is of great importance in

any oriental country, to the success of missionary effort. I have often been reminded of the time when our blessed Saviour was on earth, when I have seen such crowds of the sick, lame, and blind, in our yard, waiting to be healed. There is much in the manners and customs of this people, to remind one of Bible times—indeed, I have sometimes felt, that it was worth almost a journey here, to have Scripture so forcibly illustrated. We have now in our family, two Nestorian bishops, and one deacon, who is also studying medicine, one girl, whom I have taken to educate, and a boy, who is our cook, &c.

The language of common intercourse, among all classes, is Turkish. Besides paying some little attention to it, I am studying the ancient Syriac, and have already read the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, and part of Luke. None, however, but the ecclesiastics understand the ancient language; but Mr. Perkins is now engaged in preparing a translation of the Scriptures in the modern tongue. Thus, you see, we all have our hands full, and this keeps us contented and happy. My sheet is already full, and I have only begun to say what I wish. I hope you will write soon, and often think how you would feel about letters were you eight thousand miles from home and friends, and then I am sure you will not delay. Much love to your father, Jane Ann and Elizabeth.

Yours affectionately,

JUDITH S. GRANT.

OOROOMIAH, PERSIA, June 1, 1837.

MY DEAR MARIA:

I cannot forbear adding something to you, as my husband is about writing to William; but my communication

must of necessity be brief, as the packet is to be dispatched this afternoon, and I have much to occupy me this morning.

From my husband's communications you will learn that amid all the darkness which encircles us in this benighted land, we are occasionally cheered by bright spots in our horizon. We cannot but regard the establishment of this school by the Prince, as a great era in the history of Persia; and we cannot but hope that it is the harbinger of better days. May the rulers of this people become nursing fathers and mothers to the Church of Christ! We are favored with unbounded access to the people—and to the Nestorians are able to proclaim truth as plainly and pointedly as in America. Besides our teachers' and village-schools, we have on the Sabbath a Sunday school and Bible class, both conducted in the language of the country, and taught by Nestorian bishops, priests and deacons. Mr. Perkins superintends the Bible class, and the *doctor* the Sunday School. Our labors among the Nestorians become every day more and more interesting. We observe manifest improvement almost daily in those around us; and with the aid of the Holy Spirit are led to expect and hope for great blessings for this dear people. As you doubtless read the Missionary Herald, and from that learn of the progress of our mission, it is unnecessary for me to go into particulars.

I have learned with much pleasure of the establishment in your city of a female monthly concert of prayer for missions. Do you attend it? Nothing is more cheering and grateful to us in our seclusion than the assurance that we are remembered in the prayers of Christians at

home, and especially of those whom we have known and loved in our native land. I have noticed, too, with much interest, the general establishment of Maternal Associations; and I hope that mothers in America, when they come together to implore blessings on their own little ones, will not neglect to put up a petition for those children and those mothers who are far from them—among the Gentiles. My dear Maria, what an overwhelming responsibility is that which a mother has to sustain! Without aid from on high, human nature cannot properly discharge the important duties of this relation. Among the many blessings which the Gospel confers, its due estimate of parental obligation is by no means the least. In this land, where the restraints and motives of the Gospel are unfelt and unacknowledged, children are left to grow up wholly unrestrained—all the evil passions of our nature have their full and perfect sway. I often wonder that, under such circumstances, people here are no worse. May this land speedily enjoy the blessings of the glorious Gospel!

Perhaps you would like to know what are now my views of a missionary life. I might say, much as when I left America, though somewhat modified. As it regards temporal things, I find far fewer privations, and many, *many* more comforts than I expected, even in my most sanguine moments. The climate has not been very favorable to us, particularly in the summer. My health, and that of all our circle, is good at present, though we are subject to occasional attacks of fever and ague, which, however, soon yield to emetics and quinine. We have suffered much from ophthalmia—a very common disease. I write

now but with difficulty, as my eyes have not recovered from a severe attack in the beginning of spring. I think I can say sincerely, that the two past years are the happiest years of my life; and nothing but imperious necessity would induce me to leave Ooroomiah.

With much love to William, and all my friends who may inquire for me,

I remain yours, truly and affectionately,

JUDITH S. GRANT.

P. S. You are probably aware that we have a little Henry Martyn. He will be a year old the third day of this month—is a strong, healthy child, and very fond of play. He has six teeth, and almost goes alone. I suppose Miss Helen is almost a young lady now: please kiss her for me and also for Henry. Marianne I hear has a little Julia. May these precious treasures be preserved, and may they all belong to the Saviour's fold!

In haste, yours,

JUDITH S. GRANT.

OOROOMIAH, PERSIA, September 22nd, 1837.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your very kind and very welcome letter, dated January 7th, reached me the 3rd of June. It was accompanied by one from Miss H****** L****, and the first and only letter from my dear father which has yet reached me. I need not say it was a happy day; you can better imagine than I describe my emotions. I am sure our friends would favor us more frequently than they do, if they knew what pleasure and delight their letters afford.

It grieved me much to hear of your feeble health, yet I could but rejoice in the kindness and mercy of our Heavenly Father, that when disabled for one sphere of usefulness, another door was so speedily opened, which gave an opportunity for the exercise of all your energies, in a manner so congenial to your wishes and feelings. Do you contemplate a residence in France, or a visit to that country? You know the Persians are styled the French of Asia; and from what I know of the two nations, I should think the comparison a fit one. They are alike in their manners, easy and graceful in their conversation, much given to flattery and compliments, but I would fain hope, not equally insincere in their professions. The Persians, you know, are proverbially a nation of liars. I heard a reason assigned for this, to-day, which was new to me. In former times, the Sheatas, the sect to which the Persians belong, were much persecuted by the Soonners, or Osmanlies, and often found it necessary to disguise their faith, in order that they might preserve their lives. Thus the habit of falsehood became second nature to them. It is indeed astonishing to see how easily they will tell a lie, when even the truth would be as much to their interest. We have no individual about us, nor do I know a single native, in whose veracity we can confide. As a general thing, their principle is about in proportion to their interest, (self interest, I mean.) They are, like the French, fond of the fine arts, and the lighter branches of literature and science, such as painting, music, dancing, romance and poetry. Their intellectual powers are ready and brilliant, but their minds are unstable and vacillating.——

My dear wife had written thus far, when her eyes became more inflamed, and as she is very desirous that the letter should not be delayed, I cheerfully comply with her request, and attempt to fill out the remaining part of the sheet, though I must do it in great haste, as I must close the package this evening, and have several letters to write.

I remember how long it was before we received a letter from you, and the thought has occurred to me, that if your throat is not yet well, you can write much better than you even talk, and so we must beg you to write us often. We shall both prize your letters more than words can express; and, even if your time, like mine, is very much occupied, can you not snatch an hour or two once in two or three months, to gratify your exiled friends? I think you are in debt to me, unless I have letters on the way. By the way, as you have become a wandering star, you must tell us, from time to time, where to direct our letters.

You will be gratified to learn that we are going on as prosperously as ever in our labors, except that we feel the effects of the mercantile distress in America. I never felt more attached to my work than I do this moment, and I never have seen the time when any earthly object, unconnected with obvious duty, would have induced me to leave this most interesting field of labor.

But yet you must not think that we have no trials. They are not for want of the comforts of life, but we have many severe trials connected with the plague of our own hearts, and the wickedness of those around us; still we see much to encourage us, and would hope for

great things from the Nestorians of Persia. It is an exceedingly interesting fact, that such a people have been preserved from the earliest ages of Christianity, with the Holy Scriptures in their hands, while turmoil and misrule have reigned around them. They claim the apostles and the immediate disciples of Christ as their founders, and point out places where the apostle Thomas stopped, while here, on his way to India. They claim affinity to the Syrian Christians of India, and the bishop, Mar Yohanna has been writing them a letter to-day, which I have promised to forward. Many of those who are members of our families, and have been some time under our influence, appear to be almost Christians. But I sometimes fear that this fact renders it more difficult to affect their hearts by human means. Often, when we try to enforce truth from the word of God, they will take up the subject, and preach more fluently than we can do, and often much to the point. I feel more and more our need of the Holy Spirit to attend the word with divine power to the heart. Oh! that God would revive his own work in our hearts, and in the midst of this dear people. Pray for us, and ask others to pray that God would raise up here a host of faithful witnesses to the truth. I hope we are becoming somewhat acclimated, as we have not suffered as much from sickness this year as last. Our little Henry Martyn has been very ill, and we feared we should have to give him back to our Heavenly Father. But he has been merciful in sparing him. My dear wife has suffered and is now suffering from ophthalmia, a disease which is much more prevalent here than in America. She joins me in much love to your dear family and self.

Tell us all about your movements, when you write, which we trust will be soon.

In great haste, but yours very truly,

A. GRANT.

OOROOMIAH, PERSIA, December 26, 1837.

MY DEAREST FATHER:

Permit me to offer you my congratulations on the return of your birth-day. May it be a happy day to you, and may you live to witness many returns of it. May each succeeding year find you happier than the preceding, —happier because nearer the end of your pilgrimage, and when the *last* shall come, may it find you "ready to depart," and prepared to enter with joy into your eternal rest.

On the opposite page I send you a map of the plain of Ooroomiah, which I copied partly from the latest English maps, and partly from our own observations. You will please receive it as a small token of remembrance for your birth-day. It will give you a better idea of the plain and our locality, than can be obtained from other sources. The plain, as you will see by the map, is well watered. The streams which run into the lake are mostly fresh, and abound with *fish*, particularly the *Nazloo* river. In summer the beds of these rivers are quite dry—the water being diverted into other channels for purposes of irrigation. It is also carried in canals through almost every yard in the city. The water we drink comes from the Shaher river, (*shaher* means *city*,) and in winter is very good; in summer it becomes very warm from exposure to the rays of the sun in its long course; but even then, by securing it early in the morning, and keeping it in a

cool place, we obtain palatable water. The plain is very fertile, and produces almost every variety of fruit in great abundance, particularly *melons* and *grapes*. Apples are far inferior to ours. We have just received a *peshkish* or present of a basket of grapes, and they look so tempting, I really wish I could send them to you. Immense quantities of wine are made, similar in quality to our cider. Intemperance is fearfully prevalent, though it is rather uncommon to see a man really *drunk*.

There are about three hundred villages on the plain, and about two hundred in the mountains belonging to the province of Ooroomiah. These villages contain from one hundred to one thousand inhabitants each. *Gavalan* is the village of Mar Yohanna; *Ada*, of Mar Yoosuph; *Geog Tapa*, of Priest Abraham and Mar Elias; and *Ardishai*, of Mar Gabriel. We have schools in the villages of Oola, Ada, and Geog Tapa, besides the teachers' school on our premises. These are all in successful operation. My husband has the care of the village schools, which require to be visited very frequently. Mr. Perkins is engaged in translating "Parley's Geography" into modern Syriac. I am preparing a series of maps to accompany it. The scholars are quite delighted with the geography and maps. I have a class in Woodbridge's Geography, in English, consisting of Mar Yohanna, his brother Joseph, Priest Abraham, Mr. Perkins's boy John, and a promising Nestorian deacon, together with a young Mussulman, Meerza Asaad Oolah. I find it very pleasant to teach geography in this way, though I sometimes find difficulty in selecting the proper words to express my meaning, as I am obliged to translate all into Turkish or Syriac. I am

not yet able to speak Syriac as fluently as Turkish. The other members of the mission have each a class in English, and three times a week we have an exercise in Syriac and English, in which each individual is required to bring a *written sentence*—the Nestorians in English, and *we* in Nestorian. We find it very useful in assisting us to acquire the vulgar Syriac, which, you know, is very different from the ancient. We have, also, meetings for prayer and meditation on the Scriptures every Monday and Saturday evening, when the natives are present; a meeting of the *mission* on Thursday evening, and a singing exercise with the natives on Sabbath evening, besides three exercises on the Sabbath, one in English and two in Syriac. Thus, you see, with all these duties, together with the further study of the language, the care of my family, visiting the people, &c., my time is fully occupied. My health is *very good*, so that my duties are a delight. My dear Henry Martyn has been suffering for a week or two from the climate, something like fever and ague, but is now better; he has *twelve* teeth, and can *almost* run alone. He is a great comfort to us, and I often wish you could see him; I am sure you would love him too. My dear husband and master Henry unite with me in kindest love to you and all our dear friends in America.

Your very affectionate daughter,

JUDITH.

P. S. *Shishawan* is the residence of the Prince Melik Kassim Meerza. Mr. Merrick is now spending the winter there, at the urgent invitation of the prince. We recently received a visit from Col. Wilbraham, an Eng-

lish officer, who had spent some eight years in America, and had travelled through New-York and New-England. It was very delightful to see one who had *seen* our dear country. It is not unlikely you may see our friend Dr. Riach in America before long—you will like him.

DOROOMIAH, May 3rd, 1838.

MY DEAR MRS. FISKE:

A few weeks since, I had the pleasure of receiving, through Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, your very kind letter, and the package accompanying it from the ladies of Amherst. Valuable as the contents were in themselves, their value was greatly enhanced by the fact, that the donors were personal strangers to me. It made me feel, more than ever, the strength and preciousness of that "tie that binds" together the hearts of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in mutual sympathy and love. You, my dear madam, will please accept my warmest gratitude for this token of remembrance, and assure the ladies, also, of the same. May the Lord, even our Lord, graciously reward you, and them, a hundred fold. The gifts of your little daughters, too, were very gratifying and acceptable. I like to see children begin early to contribute to missions, from their own little stores. I well remember an incident of this kind, which occurred when I was seven years old, and which made a deep impression on my mind—indeed, to it I trace my present engagement in the missionary field. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were about to depart for the Sandwich Islands, from an adjoining town. A box was provided by the ladies of our village, (Cherry Valley, N. Y.,) and the things were

mostly prepared and packed at our house. My mother, to encourage benevolent feelings in me, desired me to put into the box a pair of mittens, of which I was very fond. After a little struggle, I gave them up, and from that moment felt a deep interest in the Sandwich Island mission. I always hailed the arrival of the Missionary Herald with joy, and eagerly seized it, to find the accounts from that station. I was accustomed to regard those islands as the probable field of my future labor—for I anticipated, even from that early period, with much pleasure, the time when I should engage in the missionary work. I mention this circumstance as an encouragement to you, in your efforts with your daughters.

As Mr. and Mrs. Perkins have written so fully about our houses, situation, &c., it will not be necessary for me to say much.

Our house is on the opposite side of the yard and faces Mr. Perkins's. The yard is between eighty and ninety feet across, and our houses are connected by walls on each side. The yard is paved with stone, except two small spots devoted to flowers and shrubbery. In these, now in blossom, are tulips, daffodils, cherry and apple trees; there are, also, rose and lilac bushes, and twelve tall sycamore trees; directly in front of Mr. P.'s house runs a small stream of water, in an artificial channel. The water is generally good to drink, and nearly as soft as rain water, for washing, &c. It is taken from the Shaher river. Messrs. Holladay and Stocking's houses are in the same range with your Mr. P.'s. Their yard is separated from ours only by a wall. We have only one entrance from the street. Their yard, like ours, contains flowers and

shrubbery. The garden, back of our houses, is all in one; and contains the school room, and boarding-house for the scholars. Our house is of *mud*, and of the same size of Mr. P.'s. Mr. Merrick now occupies our part of it. We feel it to be a great favor that the families of our mission are situated so near each other. We are, also, very near the Nestorian quarter of the city. We have Mussulmen neighbors all around us; but they seldom, if ever, annoy us, as yards, in Persia, are always separated from each other, and from the streets, by high mud walls. As to the resemblance between Nestorian and American females, you will be able to judge for yourself when you see the costumes which Mr. Perkins sends you. They are not neat, for they sleep in the same garments which they wear during the day, and wash their clothes but very seldom. Their beds, too, are never washed, as they do not use sheets or pillow-cases. Their beds consist of two very thick gorgans, or comforters, filled with wool, or cotton, and covered with calico. These they open upon the floor, which serves them for a bed, chair and table. From these causes, *vermin* are very plenty about their persons and garments. All classes, both Mussulmen and Christians, live in this manner.

The Nestorian women are very fond of their children —especially of their sons; and we hope the time is at hand when their daughters will be regarded as worthy of being educated as their sons. They seem much pleased with the school for girls, which has lately been opened on our premises, under favorable auspices. We almost daily receive visits or calls from the Nestorian women; they seem to place confidence in us, and regard us as their

benefactors. They almost invariably bring some little offering—such as a few eggs, a little butter, fruit or milk—which is sometimes annoying, as we do not like to receive such things gratis on account of their poverty, and they refuse to receive the market price, or to set their own price, hoping, by this means, to get a large present in return. This we do not wish to encourage. I often take what they bring, and give nothing, and am seldom troubled a second time. Had we perfect command of the language, we might converse very plainly with them on religious subjects; but religious instruction is one of the most difficult duties to perform in a strange language, because you are so liable to be misunderstood, and the danger is so much greater on this subject, than on any other. We do hope that the time is at hand when we may freely and plainly declare unto them, in their own tongue, the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and see them feel the blessed effects of it in their own hearts. We have great encouragement to labor for the Nestorians, though, as yet, we dare not hope any are truly converted. We need, above all other things, the Holy Spirit sent down from above, without which all our labor is in vain. I doubt not you remember us and our mission, in your prayers. Oh! pray that we ourselves may feel more our own weakness, and realize when and where alone our strength lies. I am very sorry to hear of your feeble health, and sincerely hope your disease may not prove as serious as you apprehend. My dear husband is now absent at Tabreez, principally for the recovery of his health, which has been declining for sometime past. We impute his illness to climate, from which we all suffer more

of less. I begin to hope that I have become acclimated, as my health is now very good. Master Henry Martyn is also well now, though he has suffered severely from climate; he will speak for himself on another sheet. If my husband were here, he would unite in kind remembrances to yourself and Mr. Fiske.

Yours, affectionately,

JUDITH S. GRANT.

OOROOMIAH, PERSIA, December 26, 1838.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER:

The return of this season brings you, my dear father, again to my recollection in a strong and interesting light. "A happy Christmas" I trust you have enjoyed—may you also have a happy and delightful "*New Year.*" I was rejoiced to learn by your letter of last October, that, although you have already reached the period allotted to man, still you were yourself so insensible to the infirmities of age, as not to know that you were an old man, except when you caught a glance of your "*phiz*" in a looking-glass. May your intellectual and bodily faculties long retain their youthful vigor, and may your soul be like the souls of those who wait on the Lord. "They that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Jan. 2, 1839. I have been very deeply affected in view of the dealings of God with us as a mission during the past year. Within this period every one of us have been violently, some repeatedly, attacked with illness, and

several of us have been brought to the very verge of Jordan's cold stream. But through the infinite mercy of our Heavenly Father we are all spared—and are alive and well this day to the praise and glory of his name. Five children have been added to our families during the year—all born within the space of two months—and in two instances two in a day. Perhaps you would like to know something of our associates. With Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who were the pioneers of our mission, you are already acquainted. Mr. P. was a native of Springfield, Mass., was graduated at Amherst College, and received his theological education at Andover. Mrs. P. is a daughter of Dr. Bass, of Middlebury, Vermont. They have a little son William, two months older than Henry; and Justin, now five months old. In June, 1837, we were joined by the Rev. A. L. Holladay and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Stocking. Mr. and Mrs. Holladay were from Virginia; Mr. H. had been professor of languages in Hampden, Sydney College. They have a little daughter Catharine, six months old. Mr. Stocking was from Middletown, Conn., Mrs. S. from Colebrook, in the same state. Mr. S. is teacher and superintendent of the seminary and free schools. They have a son Charles, now five months old. We all live in the same inclosure—*our* house is next the street. The three other houses are on the opposite side of the court in the same range. Back of these houses is our common garden, where are the seminary buildings, well, bath, and out-houses. Here we raise our potatoes, beans, peas, &c.; though they are beginning to cultivate the potatoe on the plain to some extent. We feel it a great privilege to live so near each other, as it enables us the

more easily to keep alive the social principle, and allows us to afford and receive relief in sickness, to which we are all so frequently subject. Some one of the mission is almost constantly under medical treatment, and not long ago the doctor prescribed for *ten* of us in one day. We meet together almost every evening for religious or other purposes; twice a week we have a linguistic exercise, when we each repeat and analyze a Syriac sentence, previously written and committed—the Nestorians also repeating an English sentence in the same manner. We find these exercises very interesting and profitable, and in this informal way we are enabled to bring much truth to bear upon the minds of our people. On Monday evening we have a Bible class—Thursday evening a prayer meeting—and on Tuesday evening a meeting of the mission, to consult together as to the best measures to be adopted for promoting our great work. Thus our social privileges are many and various, considering our great distance from our dear native land, for which we would desire to be grateful.

Mr. Stocking is cousin of Mr. William C. Redfield, of New-York, whom you may know as the author of several articles on scientific subjects: "Observations on the hurricanes and storms of the West Indies, and the coast of the United States;" "Remarks on the supposed connection of the *Gulf Stream* with opposite currents on the coast of the United States;" "Some account of two visits to the mountains in Essex county, New-York, in the years 1836 and 1837, with a sketch of the northern sources of the Hudson," &c. He now lives at 179 Chambers-street, New-York. He is a warm friend of our mis-

tion, and has made us some very valuable presents—such as maps, books, &c. He furnished Mr. Stocking's outfit to the amount of five or six hundred dollars. I have thought you would find it agreeable to make his acquaintance; he communicates frequently with Mr. Stocking, and we should thus be brought nearer together. You will be happy to learn that we do not wholly neglect the improvement of our own minds in our efforts to improve others, though, of course, the time devoted to the object must be limited, owing to the multiplicity of engagements which occupy us. We have read, of late, with great interest and pleasure, "Reed's Visit to the American Churches," which I think altogether the most just and impartial book on America I ever saw. "Williams's Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas" is an uncommonly interesting work. I would venture to recommend them both to you, if you have not already read them. I have a great desire to see Miss Martineau's book on America—please tell me what you think of it. I see by the papers which we receive a great many new books advertised. In the medical line we have recently read "M'Cullock on the diseases of Malaria," a work which will interest you, as giving you some idea of our climate, and of the diseases to which we are exposed. The Board are very good in supplying us with papers and periodicals, &c. We receive regularly the New-York Observer, (which I always hail as an old friend,) New-York Mercury, and Boston Recorder, with the Biblical Repository, Quarterly Register, Silliman's Journal, and other periodicals of minor importance. So we are not quite so much shut up to the necessity of becoming barbarians as

We used to fear we should be in America. We usually receive communications from America once in two months, and it would much rejoice my heart if I could be oftener favored from the hand of my dear father.

The aspect of the political horizon in this country is dark and dubious. The Shah and the English embassador have "*broken,*" and the latter was at Tabreez on his way to England at our last accounts. As the doctor is writing a more particular account of *politics* to cousin William, I refer you to his letter for information on this subject. We find it very comforting, in this time of doubt and uncertainty, to be able to cast all our care on Him who "doeth *all* things well;" and without whose notice not even a *sparrow* can fall to the ground. Our labors were never more encouraging than they are at present. We receive almost every day new proofs of the confidence of the people in us and our object; and as the Russian authorities have kindly offered us protection, we apprehend no interruption to our labors from the departure of our English friends, though it is, of course, matter of great grief to us.

I am happy in being able to say my health is now quite reëstablished, and I am able to take care of my family and attend to other missionary duties, to some extent. My eye remains the same as when I last wrote, Nov. 5th, and I fear will always do so. My right eye still continues strong, so that I am enabled to see, read and write as formerly, though I become sooner tired. Were both my eyes alike affected I should be blind to all intents and purposes, but, through the great goodness of God, one eye is still preserved. Oh, for a heart to praise him!

Our three dear children are well. The little girls have enjoyed uninterrupted health from their birth, and are daily improving in health and intelligence. Judith weighs eleven and a half pounds, and Mary eleven and three-quarter pounds. Judith, they say, is the picture of her mother; Mary is much lighter-complexioned, and, I think, handsomer. I often wish that my dear father could see these dear little ones, especially Henry, who, to the eyes of his fond mother, seems a *smart boy*. Within a week he has begun to learn his alphabet, by means of letters pasted upon his play-blocks. He knows A, D, and O, and is very fond of displaying his knowledge. He has a good memory, is social and affectionate, though sometimes obstinate and disobedient, and requires severe discipline.

I had intended to have sent the meteorological tables at this time, but find I can send four months as easily as two, and so must beg your patience a little longer. The snow is now about six inches deep. The mercury has as yet sunk no lower than eight. But we think it good *winter* weather. We are very comfortable within our mud walls. Our mercies are "new every morning, and *fresh* every evening."——

Jan. 25. Thus far had our beloved *Judith* written on the second, and they are her last lines! On the third, she was seized with a violent bilious remittent fever, combined with hepatic and bronchial disease, which baffled every effort to save her, and terminated her valuable life, on the 14th inst., at seven o'clock in the afternoon.

I write you particulars of her sickness, especially the exercises of her mind during the last few days of her so-

journ on earth, on another sheet, which I send across the continent, and hope to write you again ere long. In the mean time I remain your deeply afflicted, but very affectionate and sympathizing son,

ASAHEL GRANT.

A SERMON,

DELIVERED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE NESTORIAN MISSION, JANUARY 17, 1839, AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. JUDITH S. GRANT, WHO DIED AT OOROOMIAH, PERSIA, JANUARY 14, 1839. BY THE REV. JUSTIN PERKINS, MISSIONARY OF THE A. B. C. F. M.

She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv. 8.

THE worthy and unworthy dead have often been the subject of the world's panegyric. Poets and orators have tasked the vocabularies of language to find words and figures to lavish in encomiums on their favorites—the great, the learned, the patriotic, and the brave, whether really such, or only thus esteemed by their respective admirers. But never did the men of this world receive an eulogium so enviable, so exalted, as that recorded in my text.

She hath done what she could. This brief, but beautiful and comprehensive commendation, was awarded by our blessed Saviour to the woman of Bethany, who came to him, having an alabaster box of ointment, very precious, and broke the box, and poured it on his head. The superior and enviable nature of the commendation becomes readily obvious, from two considerations: namely, the

character of its author, and the subject matter of the commendation itself.

I. Its *author* was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ —he who seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. The encomiums of this divine eulogist are always in strict accordance with truth. They never savor either of flattery or extravagance. His pure mind can be influenced by no sinister motive in bestowing praise, and his omniscient eye can be dazzled by no appearances, however specious or imposing.

The deeds and qualities, too, which he selects as the subjects of eulogy, are intrinsically excellent; such as have for their object, not self, nor party aggrandizement, but the best good of mankind and the glory of God; and such as have a bearing, not merely and mainly on the transitory interests of time, however worthy, but more especially on the enduring concerns of eternity.

This divine eulogist is he, also, who has the future destinies of all in his hands. Those whom he approves in this world, he will approve and acquit at the final judgment. The commendations which he awards in the present life, are virtually pledges of the benedictions of welcome to be pronounced at the great day; and which are to usher the objects of his approbation into the possession of their glorious inheritance in heaven. How, then, do the most laudatory encomiums that can be uttered by human tongues, dwindle into insignificance, when contrasted with the eulogium that falls from the lips of the *author* of the commendation we are contemplating!

II. The *subject-matter* of the commendation embraced in my text, also testifies its enviable superiority. The deed referred to, was that of respectful and heartfelt homage to Him, who requires, and is worthy of supreme adoration. To honor and glorify Christ! How does this object transcend in dignity, in merit and importance, the loftiest earthly enterprise! How do the ordinary concerns that engross the attention of men—the pursuit of pleasure, the acquisition of wealth, fame, power, or knowledge—nay, the loftiest of mortal aspirations, the military conquest, or the political or moral sway of kingdoms, empires, or even a world—how do they all fade and vanish away as objects of life, when laid by the side of advancing Christ's kingdom, and exalting his name! These, and these alone, are the objects that rise above the trifles of the present fleeting state, and reach up to the high and enduring realities of eternal scenes.

The woman of Bethany who performed the act that received the approval composing my text, may, like the poor widow who could raise but two mites to cast into the treasury of the Lord, have been indigent; and in the box of ointment, very precious as it was, she, too, may have devoted to the honor of her Master, "all she had, even all her living." But whatever may have been her private circumstances, it is clear, from our Lord's specific declaration, that she did for his glory *all* that she could. To do all in one's power, in spheres however humble, for the promotion of the glory of the divine Saviour, and to be declared to have done this by the Saviour himself—what an object of desire and effort! And how does such a commendation, in reference to such

an *object*, as well as from such an *author*—how infinitely does it surpass the most reasonable encomiums that are ever pronounced by the men of this world! Oh! it is but the prelude of that plaudit in reserve for the righteous at their final account: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

This solemn occasion renders it proper, that I dismiss, with these few brief remarks, the general consideration of this subject, and dwell particularly on the afflictive visitation which has befallen us. "For death is come up into our windows," and suddenly borne from our midst a beloved missionary sister. The golden chain that bound our little circle together, in this dark and remote land, is broken; a precious link has fallen! Fallen? No—it has *risen!* It is, we trust, taken up to heaven! And, while we deeply mourn our loss, we have also great occasion to be comforted. The king of terrors came not to our sister in frightful habiliments. He was, we believe, the welcome angel, commissioned of the Lord to convey her happy, liberated spirit through the portal of its mansion of rest, and joy and peace in glory. And the chain of affection which has now been sundered, and the breach of which causes our hearts so tenderly and deeply to throb and to bleed, will, we trust, soon all be transferred, link by link, perhaps in rapid succession, purified from all alloy, and re-united with our beloved sister, and with all the redeemed, and with the angels, as component links in that bond of sweet and irrefragable attraction which binds those happy spirits together, and to the throne of God and to the Lamb! "I would not," as says Paul, "have you be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which

are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others, which have no hope."

She hath done what she could. How diffident our departed sister would have been to select the text for her funeral sermon which I have chosen, we fully understand. We know her humble and modest opinion of her own services in the cause of Christ, and were strikingly reminded of it while she lay on her death-bed. When the speaker, in the prospect of her speedy departure, to sooth her feelings reminded her that the good seed which she had been toiling to sow among the perishing Nestorians, though she had not with her own eyes been permitted to witness the ripening harvest, would in due time spring up and bear precious fruit. "Oh," she replied, "my past life—it looks like a blank—how little I have done!"

It is not my purpose to stand here and *eulogize* the dead, in the common acceptation of that term. I have, however, regarded the passage of Scripture which I have selected, as not unsuitable to aid us in duly contemplating the uncommon excellence of the character of our departed sister—in admiring the grace of God which made her what she was, and thankfully recognizing his favor in giving to us, though but for a little season, such a missionary companion.

Precious as her memory is to us all, and deeply as we love to embalm it in our minds, it will not be unwelcome to us to notice some incidents in her earlier life, as well as her missionary labors, and the circumstances of her last sickness. And while we would by no means pronounce of her or any other mortal, absolutely, in all

respects, *She hath done what she could*, we believe that her character and efforts furnish a remarkably striking illustration of this expressive declaration of our Lord.

Mrs. Judith S. Grant was the adopted daughter of the Hon. William Campbell, of Cherry Valley, New York. She was born January 12, 1814. She was bereaved of her mother when only three days old. Her mother was a sister of Mrs. Campbell, and in the near prospect of death, committed her infant daughter to this sister, who received, reared and educated her as her own child. The excellence and truly maternal character of this foster-mother, had so controlling an influence in the formation of Mrs. Grant's character, that it may be interesting briefly to advert to that lady in this connection. In a published* Missionary Address delivered on the occasion of Mrs. Grant's marriage, by an excellent friend† of her and of Zion, who has also recently gone to his rest, are the following remarks: "To one whom I have known from early infancy (our departed sister) I wish to say a few words. One, who we trust is now in Heaven, prayed over your infancy and riper years. She prayed that God would give you grace to become a missionary. We trust that prayer was heard and is now answered." In a note to this allusion, are the following statements: "The person here alluded to was Mrs. Sobrina Campbell, who, having no children, adopted Mrs. Grant as her child, when the latter was an infant. Mrs. Campbell died about five years ago, (then 1835.) She was a native of Pomfret, Connecticut; but her parents came to Otsego county, when she was quite young. She was a woman of much

* New York Observer, Vol. XIII. No. 17, for April 25, 1835.

† The late Judge Morse, of Cherry Valley, New York.

reading, and in early life, as she frequently related, her mind became tinctured with some of the sentiments of the more prominent infidel writers, although she never fully adopted them. About twenty years before her death she embraced Christianity, and was made an instrument in the hands of God of doing much good. Her husband was formerly a practicing physician, and she, the better to qualify herself for usefulness, by reading medical books and frequent visits to the sick, became well versed in many departments of the medical profession. Her frequent gratuitous visits to her sick neighbors were invaluable, and some of the most respectable physicians had so much confidence in her, that they always consulted her when she was found at the sick beds of their patients. Her services in this way, and particularly to the sick poor, were worthy of all praise. Whenever there was suffering and misery in her vicinity, she was always found in the midst of it, trying to alleviate or remove it. It may be well questioned whether any female of her age ever visited more sick families. She imbibed deeply the missionary spirit, and entered with zeal into most of the benevolent enterprises of the day. She watched with intense interest all efforts making in the world to do good, and fervently wished and prayed for their success. Her adopted daughter, (Mrs. Grant,) who was her niece and an orphan, she educated with sedulous care, in the hope that she might be qualified to enter the service of the Saviour as a missionary. We have not room for anything more than a brief sketch of *some* of the traits in the character of this excellent woman. She was indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, that she

might be a more efficient laborer in performing good works. She was eminently an *industrious* woman in the discharge of all the duties which devolved on her, whether those duties related to her family, her neighbors, or the Church. Few females ever performed a greater amount of both bodily and mental labor. She was uncommonly active in promoting all the moral and religious charities of the day; so much so, that it is believed that if all the female members of Christian Churches were thoroughly imbibed with her spirit, and possessed of her Christian energy and action, the evangelization of the world would be wonderfully accelerated."

I have quoted this brief description with the greater pleasure, as the character here given of the mother is so vivid and true a mirror of that of the adopted daughter. How strikingly have we beheld almost every trait here mentioned developed in our departed sister! In both, how delightfully—I would not say *absolutely*—yet delightfully is the declaration of our text illustrated: "*She hath done what she could.*"

The prayerful desire of this mother, so long cherished, that her daughter might become a missionary, is a deeply interesting and instructive exemplification of the readiness of the great Head of Missions to accept such parental offerings. But in connection with this prayer and desire, there was also corresponding effort for the promotion of the same object. I have often heard Mrs. Grant allude to the little sacrifices which she was early taught by her mother to make for the purpose of contributing something to the advancement of missions, and

from the time of her beginning to make these little sacrifices her interest became deep and fixed in the great cause. Our deceased sister ever cherished the most tender and lively gratitude, as she had so much reason to do, to this excellent mother. In her last sickness, on one occasion she said, "I can never be grateful enough for such a husband and such a mother. Oh, what might I have been, if I had not had a *pious mother!* Under God, I owe everything to my mother."

In the address delivered on the occasion of Mrs. Grant's marriage, from which I have quoted above, and in the same connection, the author remarks: "You are now about to bid us farewell, probably for the residue of your life; and while we extend to you the parting salutation, we beg to remind you of the immense responsibility which devolves on you. The culture of your mind has been more than usual for persons of your age and sex; but you must consider yourself only a beginner in science." We also have been associated with the subject of these remarks, and add that her mind was, *naturally*, one of a very high order, as well as enriched by extensive cultivation. It possessed much strength and compass; and its powers were all symmetrically and early developed. She was but little more than twenty-one years of age when she was married;—at that early period she possessed a maturity of mind which qualified her to adorn any circle, and fill any sphere of female responsibility. But much as we have seen to admire in the cast and culture of her mind, we have beheld still more to love in the qualities of her heart. Frank and artless as a child, she was still discreet; cheerful in all circumstances without levity; remarkably patient and submissive under trials;

possessing a kindness of disposition that semed to know no bounds; social to an extent that charmed all who knew her; tender and sympathetic in a high degree; all these and other qualities of a kindred nature, too numerous to mention, were sweetened and hallowed by warm religious affections. We are not aware at precisely what period she cherished the hope of personal salvation. She made a public profession of religion, April 5th, 1831; "which," she says, in her Journal of that date "was one of the most delightful days I ever experienced." Her piety was silent and unostentatious, but, at the same time, strikingly active and practical. It was deep, operative and uniform; but never officious or obtrusive.

The heroic promptitude with which she decided to embark on this mission, just after hearing of the trials and perils which Mrs. Perkins had encountered on the way, has ever tended to endear her to our hearts; and if we mistake not, our solitary situation in this distant land, was one circumstance which plead tenderly in her feelings, inclining her, as well as her husband, to hasten to our relief and assistance. And when it has been her lot to suffer a great amount of sickness and some other missionary trials, in common with the rest of our circle, she has not regretted the temporal sacrifices which she made in engaging in this enterprise. On her dying pillow she said, "Tell my friends at home that I have never regretted that I came to Persia as a missionary. I don't know that I ever seriously doubted my duty in this respect. Certainly, the indications of Providence which decided my coming here, were very remarkable, and as clear as they could have been."

My first acquaintance with our departed sister, was on the occasion of meeting her, her husband and another* missionary brother, in the autumn of 1835, on their way to this country. I found them encamped in a stable, in a small village among the snow-capped mountains of Asia Minor, just midway between Trebizond and Erzeroom. Having seen no American save Mrs. Perkins for the period of about eighteen months, the meeting could not fail of being to me one of tender and grateful interest. But I have distinctly in mind, as though it were but yesterday, the very pleasing impression which Mrs. Grant's cheerful, artless, kind, intelligent countenance made on my mind at that time; and that impression, more than three years' acquaintance, in the very intimate relation of missionary fellow laborers, situated in the same yard and almost in the same dwelling, has tended most delightfully to confirm. Oh, how often have we been comforted, assisted and sustained under the pressure and trials of our arduous work, by that mild and cheering voice, and those amiable features, which are now silent and motionless in death!

To introduce us to her missionary labors, permit me again to refer to the above-named address, delivered on the occasion of Mrs. Grant's marriage: "You are going," said the author, "to a country, where the degradation of your sex is extreme. Great, however, as is their degradation, they possess and exert a powerful influence. How important, then, that female education be commenced there! If you can be the means of educating only ten females, or even *one* in that country, you may do more

* Rev. Mr. Merrick.

good by it than can now be calculated. * * * But you must do more than merely teach them human learning; you must try and teach them heavenly wisdom which cometh from above. Be careful to teach as well by example as by precept."

Under a deep and abiding influence of principles and purposes like those here inculcated, Mrs. Grant entered with ardor upon her missionary labors. And though, as already suggested, she, like the rest of us, has suffered a great amount of sickness, which has necessarily interrupted her work since she came to this country, still, *She hath done what she could.*

A few of the natives, particularly the bishop and the priest, who had lived several months in my family at Tabreez, had commenced learning English before her arrival; and she was thus enabled *to begin* her work, in instructing them, without waiting to acquire a native language. She was by no means negligent, however, in relation to the language of the people; and she has discovered uncommon skill and ability in their acquisition. Of the Turkish she readily acquired a competent knowledge for colloquial purposes with very little study. The ancient Syriac she became able in a short time to read with readiness; and in the modern, the spoken language of the Nestorians, heterogeneous and difficult as it is, she had become able to read with fluency, to speak on common topics, and to write it to some extent. She has from the first performed a great amount of English instruction, and with peculiar acceptance to the higher ecclesiastics and the older members of the seminary, as well as to our Mohammedan Meerza. She has ever manifested the

deepest solicitude for the instruction and elevation of the native females. The incipiency of our operations seemed, in this land where female education is almost unknown, and a strong prejudice exists against it, for a time to require us to defer opening a school exclusively for females, until the way might be in a manner prepared by the establishment of schools for males, against which no prejudice exists; and subsequently our want of pecuniary means compelled us still to defer. Thus not until less than one year ago, were we enabled to open a female school. Previously, however, Mrs. Grant had done all in her power to enlighten and benefit the native females. She taught some of her domestics to read, and cultivated extensive acquaintance with both Nestorian and Mohammedan females, by all of whom she was much beloved. When our female school was at length opened, we all remember with what ardor and interest she engaged in its instruction. When the state of her health would not allow her to go to the school, she was accustomed to receive and instruct the girls an hour or two in a day at her room. And *thus* was she occupied, as well as in constructing geographical maps for the use of the seminary, when her last sickness came upon her. Her influence on the girls of this school, and many other native females, will not be in vain; numbers of both sexes will, we believe, cherish her in lasting remembrance.

She hath done what she could. Nor this merely in direct missionary labor. In sickness, who of us has not often been tenderly affected by her soothing presence, by the constancy of her kind attentions, and by her unwearied efforts to mitigate our pains and hasten our recovery!

Perhaps no single trait in her character was more conspicuous, than her promptness, ability, and delight in administering relief and comfort in the chamber of sickness. Her medical knowledge was very considerable, and, in the necessary absence of her husband, she has in a good degree supplied his place as a physician. In this capacity she seems peculiarly to have resembled her excellent mother. How like mercy's angel have we beheld her hastening from house to house and from room to room in the mission, when several of us have been sick at the same time! Like her blessed Master, she "went about doing good."

But, competent and indefatigable as was our departed sister as a missionary and a friend, she was no less interesting in her domestic relations. Shall we speak of her as a wife? Ah, it were sacrilege to approach that hallowed ground! He, from whose bosom she has been taken, knows well that the heavings of silent emotion are far more adequate than words to tell the loss he has sustained, in being bereaved of one whose presence and whose toils had such power to sweeten and bless his *home*. Of late, we have most unavoidably been led to notice her in the capacity of a mother; her maternal cares having become so multiplied and pressing. Nor can we have noticed her in this capacity without unaffected admiration. With her little son two and a half years old, her infant twin-daughters, and three children who are natives of this country on her hands, each received its due share of attention; nor did her nursery and fireside ever give indications of embarrassment or confusion. Her motherless little ones can never realize

the extent of the loss they have sustained in this bereavement.

Grateful as it would be still to linger around her memory in this and other relations, we must forbear, and hasten to the consideration of the most solemn and mournful, and at the same time delightful part of her history—her last sickness and death. In her last sickness, too, we shall be reminded, in proceeding, *she hath done what she could.*

I know not that I can better approach this topic, also, than by quoting again from the address to which I have repeatedly referred. The closing paragraph of that address is as follows: "Finally, my friends, fear not temporal death: if your faith is strong you will not fear it:

"For what is death, my friends, that you should fear it?
To die! why 'tis to triumph; 'tis to join
The great assembly of the good and just,
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
O! 'tis to join the band of holy men
Made perfect through their sufferings.
* * * * *
'Tis to see
Michael and his bright legions, who subdued
The foes of truth; to join the blest employ
Of love and praise; to the high melodies
Of choirs celestial to attune our voice,
Accordant to the golden harps of saints;
To join in blest hosannas to their King,
Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
Alone were heaven, though saint or seraph none
Should meet your sight, and only God were there.
This is to die;—who would not die for this?
Who would not die that he might live for ever?"

Thus we believe our sister viewed death. She was not afraid to die. Mrs. Grant was taken sick on the third instant, (Jan. 1839.) Her disease was a violent bilious remittent fever, accompanied with more or less hepatic and bronchial affection. Medicine in the early stages of her sickness appeared to operate well, but it failed to remove the disease, which at times seemed to abate, only to return with renewed violence. From the commencement of the attack, she seems to have regarded her recovery as uncertain and rather improbable; and she accordingly set her house in order. Indeed, during the last few months, she has appeared unusually weaned from the world and ripening rapidly for the society of heaven. In the course of the evening of the sixth instant, which was the fourth day of her sickness, she spoke very feelingly of the importance of entire consecration to God—of our aiding each other in the Christian warfare, having our conversation in heaven. Her disease had already prostrated her system, and she adverted to her own situation, and asked her husband's views of her prospects. And it was in this connection that she made the tender allusion to her mother, and the declaration that she had never regretted her consecration to the missionary work, which I have already mentioned. On Monday, the seventh, she spoke with deep feeling of the prospect of leaving her beloved children, and especially her two helpless infants, who so much needed a mother's care. But she said she believed she had given them to the Lord, and if she were removed, he would take care of them; she could leave them with confidence in his hands. She spoke of her past life with feelings of deep self-abasement, regretting that she had lived with no more of a sin-

gle aim to the glory of God. She said her life, particularly since she professed Christ, appeared so odious and black that she could not bear to look at it. As I remarked above, she was far from feeling she had done what she could. Her husband spoke of Christ's righteousness as being all-sufficient for her. "Yes," she said, "he is my *all—my all.*" At her request, her husband read the 23rd Psalm; and as he repeated the fourth verse, she said: "What a precious support to lean upon Christ while we pass through the dark valley." She then repeated herself: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Being in great pain for a short time, she said: "This is nothing to what Christ suffered for me." And when her fever was raging, in allusion to her intense thirst, she said: "One drop of water! 'that he might dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.' Oh, the suffering of the wicked!" Again, when in much distress, she repeated with great emphasis the lines:

"I can do all things, and can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;"

and added, "Oh, the presence of Christ—it is everything, it is *heaven* to the Christian; and the Lamb is the light thereof." On Tuesday, the eighth, speaking with much tenderness of her prospective separation from her husband, she said: "It will be but a very little while before we shall be re-united. What a happy meeting that will be! All tears will be wiped from every eye; and there will be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain." At another time, after speaking to her husband

of the death of his first wife, which was peaceful and triumphant, she remarked: "You will have a great deal to draw your affections toward heaven: Oh, that we could go together!" At the height of her fever, feeling that nature could not long encounter such commotions, she repeated with deep feeling the stanza:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;"

laying peculiar emphasis on the lines,

"Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past."

On Wednesday, the ninth, her strength continued to fail, but her soul seemed quietly stayed on God. She said she desired to be entirely resigned to his will. She would not dare to choose for herself. To think of dying, and being freed from sin and suffering in the presence of God, was most delightful—it was rapturous. On Thursday, the tenth, she felt that her earthly tabernacle was fast falling into ruins, but rejoiced that she had a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. "But," said she, "it is all through *grace—grace—grace!* I renounce myself entirely; it is through the riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus, that I shall enter heaven." Early in the forenoon, she showed such indications of approaching dissolution that all the members of the mission were called into her room. As we stood around her bed, she said she desired to say much, but her strength would not allow her to do it. Her respiration had now become quite difficult. She said that she desired particularly to express to us her deep sense of the importance of more

entire consecration to the cause of God. She had a desire to live, if at all, only that she might labor more faithfully for the salvation of the perishing Nestorians. Yet, in reference to this, she also rejoiced to say, "the will of the Lord be done." I asked her if she felt calm in the prospect of death; she replied, "Yes." She requested that some one of us should repeat the 23rd Psalm, which Mr. Holladay did; and when asked at the close if she could appropriate those precious assurances to herself, "Yes," she said, and then repeated, "Though I walk," &c. She then said she had thought frequently, since her sickness commenced, of that *dark* valley, and it had sometimes appeared rather frightful, but little so now. I reminded her that she must lean implicitly on the rod and staff of the great Shepherd, and he would strengthen her to pass through that valley; and in the same connection I referred her to Payson's triumphant language in his last sickness, relative to the stream of death; that it appeared as he approached, "but as an insignificant rill, that might be crossed by a single step, whenever God should give permission;" at which she smiled, and expressed a delightful acquiescence. She affectionately commended her babes to our care, and her afflicted husband to our sympathy, but expressed no distressing solicitude on their account. I reminded her of their kind Guardian in heaven, and she expressed full confidence that he would take care of her beloved family. She said to me, as I stood by her bedside, "Since my sickness, I have often thought of your sermon at the close of the year, on the text, 'How old art thou?' the last sermon I have heard. I said at that time the *youngest* of our circle may be taken first, and

so it is likely to be; I was the first to be affected by this climate, and am the first to be cut down." I reminded her that she had been permitted to *suffer* for Christ's sake, and inquired if she did not account this a privilege. "Oh, yes," she replied; "Oh, that I were worthy to suffer for him." I remarked, "You do not regret that you embarked in this holy work, though you may so soon be cut off." "Oh, no," she replied. She had expressed herself fully on this point in the early part of her sickness, as I have mentioned above. In alluding to her brightening prospects beyond the grave, I quoted from Pollok's description of the dying mother:

> "They set as sets the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven."

She expressed great delight at this thought; said it strikingly represented the death of her own mother, and quoted herself, from memory, some of the preceding lines of that description. We all felt that it was good to be there. As, however, she now appeared likely to remain longer than we had apprehended, and might become exhausted by further conversation, most of us retired. Not long afterward, looking up, and apparently alluding to the heavenly Jerusalem, she said, "Those walls look brighter—those walls look brighter!" And again, "What songs are those I hear? What song is that? Oh, how sweet!" She then spoke of its being "*very light.*" About four o'clock P. M., we thought her dying, but she soon revived a little, and at our suggestion, requested that the bishops, priests and deacons, who

are connected with the mission families, might be called in. They all came to her bedside, and in her name I delivered to them her dying message, which she had given to me in a whisper. She said she had wished to see them, that she might bid them farewell. She now expected to leave them and go to heaven, and earnestly desired them to meet her there. If she had one desire to live, it was only for their sake, and the sake of their people; for herself, she was ready to depart. She had no fear of death. And why? On account of her own good works? Oh, no; only through faith in Christ. She trusted solely in his righteousness. *Christ* was all her hope, and they, too, must look to him for salvation, if they would hope to meet her in heaven. Thus, when no longer able to speak, she still did *what she could* to bring them to the Saviour. The scene was one of most affecting solemnity and interest. Every eye was suffused in tears—some wept aloud—and every bosom heaved with deep emotion. Most of these ecclesiastics had been Mrs. Grant's pupils. They had witnessed her efforts and fervent desire for their welfare, and felt tenderly grateful for them. As they were about leaving, the eldest bishop proposed to have a special prayer offered by his people for her recovery; and accordingly, as little John,* with his accustomed artlessness stated, after their usual evening prayers in the Church, "they all kneeled down, and *prayed from their hearts* that God would spare her to their people." In the evening, about a dozen members of the seminary and the teachers were called in, and Mr. Holladay addressed them in the name of Mrs. Grant, in lan-

* A Nestorian youth, living in Mr. P.'s family.

guage similar to that used in her taking leave of the ecclesiastics. By them also her dying message was received with deep solemnity. After the natives retired, she requested that for *our benefit* the description of the *Christian armor* be read, which was done; and she exhorted us to keep it on. Thus, with her last breath, *she hath done what she could* to make us *faithful* in our missionary labors. We afterward read and repeated from memory other passages of Scripture, particularly such as refer to the death of the believer. She listened with delightful satisfaction, and at the close of one quotation said, "The Bible is full and overflowing of comforting passages, and each passage is enough for every one." She seemed to revive in feeding on this celestial food, and with sweet composure repeated:

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Prayer was proposed, and on being asked whether she had any specific petition which she would like to have offered, she replied, "that my faith fail not." Did not our hearts burn within us, and we all feel that that place was verily the gate of heaven? After prayer, all but her husband retired. Our departed sister, beyond our expectation, still continued four days. But during most of this period she was delirious; sometimes, in imagination, with the playmates of her childhood, sometimes in her family, and anon wrapped in contemplation of eternal things. As is common in delirium, almost every subject to which her mind wandered was beset with difficulties.

But in her partially lucid moments all her difficulties vanished away. Her house had been previously set in order. In several instances, during this time, she seemed to be dying, and the members of the mission assembled to witness her departure. But she as often revived, and her stay was protracted until seven o'clock, P. M. of Monday, the 14th inst., when, with scarcely a struggle, she fell sweetly asleep in the arms of her Redeemer, at the age of twenty-five years and two days. She hath done what she could, and her Saviour has said to her, "Enter into thy rest." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Yes; and *we* too, while we prayed, and desired to be enabled cheerfully to acquiesce in the will of God—we still did *all we could* to restore her to her family, her work, and our missionary circle. Medical skill and conjugal love united, did all in their power, and this little band of deeply afflicted and sympathizing missionary brethren and sisters have done all in *their* power, by their efforts and their prayers, to have her restored:

"But we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For heaven; and Mercy in her love refused;
Most merciful, as often, when seeming least;
Most gracious, when she seemed to frown."

Yes, mysterious as it may seem to us, that one so young, apparently so much needed in her family, and so well prepared for extensive usefulness in this important field, should be thus suddenly removed; and deeply be-

reaved as we may feel by this visitation, we may still rest assured that it has been ordered in *mercy*.

May we not hope that it may prove a merciful visitation, in ripening us for heaven, and quickening us to more fidelity in our responsible work? How often, and how earnestly, during her sickness, did our departed sister express her prayerful desire, that her death might be thus sanctified to us! Oh! let us beware that we lose not the benefit of this solemn dispensation. We believe, also, that this providence will also prove a vehicle of mercy to her family. For this she most earnestly prayed. Her afflicted husband had objects* of strong attraction in heaven before, but he now has stronger. And his affections, we trust, will henceforth more constantly and firmly fix themselves there, than they have ever done hitherto. Nor will her tender little ones, in the end, be losers by this bereavement. Her dying prayers will be repeated to them, if they live, here on earth, and they will make an impression; and these prayers, we believe, have been heard in heaven, and will be answered. A few days before her death, when her little son had been carried in, to see his mamma, she said, "I hope to meet that little child a sainted spirit in heaven;" and but an hour or two before her departure, when this son and her infant twin daughters were brought to her, she gazed upon them with an expression of the most yearning tenderness, imploring for them,

> "With look that seemed to penetrate
> The heavens, unutterable blessings—such
> As God to dying parents only granted,
> For infants left behind them in the world."

* A former wife, and other relatives.

We believe that this event will also prove a blessing to the people for whose benefit she toiled, and among whom she has fallen. It was, perhaps, the greatest burden of her desires, during her last sickness, that her death might be made an instrument of promoting their salvation. We hope and trust that this prayer may be answered. More general and extensive sympathy would scarcely have been excited by such an event, in any community in our own land, than has been manifested by the people among whom we dwell. To the deep and tender interest felt in her case by those connected with our mission, and the members of the seminary, allusion has already been made. But this interest was by no means thus limited. Mrs. Grant was extensively known and greatly beloved among the natives, as we have had abundant evidence, during her sickness, in the scores that have from day to day come to our gate, and into our yard, and, with weeping eyes made inquiries respecting her. A venerable Nestorian bishop, resident in a village some miles distant, came and stayed on our premises several days and nights, so deep was his concern and interest in her case. The Mohammedan Meerza, above named, who had been under her instruction, has repeatedly wept like an infant under the apprehension of her death. In his own simple language, he could not sleep at night, and had come to the house three times in a day, to know how she was. And when told she would probably not recover, as the last consolation, he said, "She has very much righteousness." And numbers of the Mohammedans, particularly of the higher classes, have sent and come to us, both before and after her death, to express their deep interest in her

case, and tender to her husband and the rest of us their heartfelt sympathy. Her death, when it came, like the trump of an angel, sent an unwonted thrill through every bosom, and seemed to lay all hearts open to our influence and admonition. At her funeral exercise, in the native language,* a large congregation was assembled, larger than we have ever before been permitted to address, at one time, on the subject of their salvation. Among them were three bishops, eight priests, and many deacons, and all seemed deeply affected, alike by the solemnity of the occasion, and the truths which were presented. The Mohammedan Meerza, above named, was at that service, and no one present manifested more tenderness and depth of feeling. And after the service, to console the bereaved husband, he said to him, "Mrs. Grant has gone to Paradise."

A peaceful and happy death is a phenomenon which these people have seldom, if ever, witnessed; and this one has made a very deep impression on their minds. A religion which has power, not only to control and hallow the life, but also to impart joy and triumph in the hour of death, is something which they but little understand: it excites their marvel, and constrains them to acknowledge that it is a religion which comes from heaven, and leads to heaven. Oh! may we not feel duly to improve this precious opportunity, these golden moments, for impressing divine truth on their minds. And thus may we be consoled with the hope that the death of our departed sister, as she prayed might be the case, will contribute

* At her burial. This sermon was delivered to the members of the mission the day following her funeral.

far more to promote the salvation of this perishing people, than a long life of labor could have contributed.

To our bereaved brother I need say nothing. He knows in whom he has believed. The Lord is his comforter. And repeatedly have we heard him say in this affliction, "It is the Lord, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him.

May we all, my brethren and sisters, in our deep affliction, adopt this language, and imbibe this feeling! Let *us*, too, *do what we can*. Let us tenderly heed the dying exhortation of our sister, that we be faithful in our Master's service, and lay to heart this solemn providence, which so impressively admonishes us, that what we do we must do with our might. Let us also rejoice in the will of the Lord, and in the blessed hope of soon meeting her, who was so early removed from us, in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. When our summons shall come, may we all, like her, be found ready. In the midst of life we are in death. Let us, therefore, be sober, watch unto prayer. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace!

TABREEZ, PERSIA, January 30, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR:

When you gave the last parting hand to my dear wife, as we were leaving the wharf at New-York, you parted, expecting to see her face no more this side of the eternal world. You knew the zeal and ardor which urged her forward in the glorious enterprise in which she had embarked. You knew that she had long looked forward to the missionary work, with an ardent and growing desire

to devote to its holy and self-denying employments all the talents which God had given her—counting it her highest privilege to toil, and suffer, and even to lay down her life for the cause of Christ.

The desire of her heart was granted her. She was permitted to labor a little more than three years in one of the most interesting fields of missionary enterprise; and after sowing much precious seed, and presenting to hundreds of the dear Nestorians, and many of the Mohammedans, a most lovely exemplification of the religion of Jesus, she rested from her labors, on the 14th inst., two days after she had completed her twenty-fifth year. She has sealed her warm attachment to the cause of the Redeemer, by her prayers and toil, her sufferings and death. Her mortal remains repose amid the sepulchres of the Nestorian Christians, in the city where the renowned Zoroaster once lighted his sacred fires, and bowed in adoration to the heavenly hosts. Her happy spirit, arrayed in robes of light and love, rests in the radiance of her Saviour's presence, in the resplendent city of our God. For her to live was Christ, but *to die was gain*.

Mrs. Grant's missionary career, though short, was full of interest. Her situation, as the wife of a physician, opened before her a very extensive acquaintance, both among the Mohammedans, and the native Christians; and the ardor with which she entered into their interests, enlightening their dark minds, or administering relief to their sufferings, secured the affections of all who knew her. Whether imparting instruction to the bishops, priests, deacons, and the Mohammedan Meerza, or teaching the ignorant of her own sex, and endeavoring to raise

them from their deep degradation; whether visiting the harems of the rich and great, entering the cottage of the poor and wretched, or imparting relief to suffering, and joy to the disconsolate around her own domestic fireside; her characteristic ardor in doing good, and her affectionate concern for the happiness of others, won the confidence and opened the hearts of all who came within the reach of her influence.

Under such circumstances, you will not wonder that the most lively interest was manifested, by all classes of the natives, in the mournful event which has deprived them of their much loved teacher, benefactor and friend. Never have I seen such concern, through this whole community, as was manifested for her recovery. And never did the truth fall with such weight upon the heart and conscience of this people, as did her parting admonition and affectionate entreaty, delivered to numbers of the high ecclesiastics and others on her dying pillow. Her death has most strikingly evinced the truth and value of what she taught in her life. Her calmness and peaceful serenity of mind, and her joyful anticipations of heavenly felicity, which raised her above all fear of death, and made her dying chamber seem like the verge of heaven, have taught a lesson which we could never teach.

Said an intelligent Mohammedan Meerza, who had long been her pupil, and knew her worth, "I shall never forget the words of truth she has taught me. She had very much righteousness. She has gone to paradise. I know why she did not fear to die; she had faith in Jesus." Thus, as the followers of Mohammed were led to inquire what it was that buoyed up the spirit of this tender female

in the hour of dissolving nature, and filled her whole soul with joy and triumph, while with them the stoutest heart ever quakes at the approach of the king of terrors, the answer given by one of their own number was, "*She had faith in Jesus!*"

But, perhaps the most beautiful testimony which could have been given of her character, was that of the three oldest of the four Nestorian bishops in the province. The morning after the death of my dear wife, these three venerable-looking bishops assembled in my room to express their heartfelt sympathy and sorrow, and to propose measures for the performance of the last solemn rites to her remains. Said one of them, "We will bury her within the walls of our church, where none but *very holy men* are interred; and as she has done much for us, we wish the privilege of doing something for her; we will dig her grave with our own hands." As I remarked that the youngest of our number had left us: "Yes," said Mar Yohanna, "she was the youngest in years, but the oldest in wisdom." Often had he admired, and wondered, as he had seen her acquiring a knowledge of his own language through the medium of Latin lexicons and grammars; and especially when she has turned to her Greek Testament for the meaning of some difficult passage of Scripture. Two of these bishops became members of our family, soon after we first entered this city; and, having eaten at our table, and united in our family devotions—enjoying the intimacy of fraternal relation—they felt her superior worth; and her memory will long be embalmed in their hearts.

Her example and influence have done much to break down the wall of prejudice which has existed here against

female education—a work in which our dear Judith was engaged with all her accustomed zeal, when her last sickness commenced. Indeed, such an impulse has of late been given to public sentiment, that one little girl in our schools has been placed by the village-priest among the young deacons, to chant the psalms and their prayers at the public services in the Church. Much of this change of sentiment, if not the whole of it, has been brought about, by God's blessing, through the enlightened example of intellectual and moral culture, which has been placed so directly, and in such attractive forms, before the highest ecclesiastics.

But I must refer you for other particulars of the last sickness and death of my dear wife, and the deep and solemn impression left upon this people, to the sermon preached at her funeral, which I forward to you for her father. While we mourn that she has fallen so soon, let us seek more of that grace which appeared so lovely in her character, made her so eminently useful in life, and so triumphantly happy in death. Let us rejoice, and bless God that she was permitted to enter the missionary field and do so much for the honor of her Saviour; and, though sorrow and anguish fill our bosoms now, let us rejoice in the hope of meeting her, a glorified spirit—the image of Jesus—in that world where parting shall be no more.

I have adverted to the early and continued desire which our departed Judith ever cherished, to become a missionary of the Cross—a desire which she owed, under God, to the hallowed influence of her *mother*. And perhaps I cannot better close this hasty letter, than by quoting her

own language on this subject. It is an extract from a letter to a pious lady in New England, but which she suppressed on account of the modest reluctance she ever cherished of saying anything that could be construed as commendatory of herself: "I like to see children begin early to contribute to missions from their own little stores. I well remember an incident of this kind which occurred when I was seven years old, and which made a deep impression on my own mind—indeed, to *it* I trace my present engagement in the missionary field. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were about to depart for the Sandwich Islands, from an adjoining town. A box was provided by the ladies of our village, (Cherry Valley, N. Y.,) and the things were mostly prepared and packed at our house. My mother, to encourage benevolent feelings in me, desired me to put into the box a pair of mittens of which I was very fond. After a little struggle I gave them up, and from that moment felt a deep interest in the Sandwich Island mission. I always hailed the arrival of the Missionary Herald with joy, and eagerly seized it to find the accounts from that station. I was accustomed to regard those islands as the probable field of my future labor—for I anticipated, even from that early period, with much pleasure, the time when I should engage in the missionary work." * * * * *

Yours very affectionately,

ASAHEL GRANT.

OOROOMIAH, PERSIA, Jan. 1, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor of June 30th, reached me five or six weeks ago, among the wild mountains of central Koordis-

tan, in ancient Assyria. My tour through Armenia and Mesopotamia, amid the violent convulsions which have agitated the Turkish empire, was attended by some trials and perils, of which you may have heard; and my route through Assyria, which lay among a lawless and sanguinary people, was not devoid of danger. But in all my way the angel of the Lord encamped round about for my deliverance, and on the 7th ult. I arrived safe at my former abode in Media, after an absence of a little more than eight months. As some of the regions I have explored had never been visited by any European traveller, as well as for other reasons, I found it expedient to adopt the Oriental costume and habits, and so changed was my appearance when I arrived here, with a long beard and in a mountain garb, that I passed the streets without being recognized by the natives with whom I am familiarly acquainted. For six months I had not sat in a chair, and knives and forks seemed quite out of place.

The countries I have visited are interesting as being the oldest in the world; but though I often crossed the rivers which watered the paradise of Eden, and gazed upon the mountains of Ararat, on which rested the ark of Noah, after tossing five months upon the restless flood, I saw little of the innocence, peace and happiness that once reposed in these cradles of the human race. Everything reminded me of *the fall;* and even the ruins of that "great city Nineveh," and other places, which figured upon the theatre of the world in the days of her infancy, came up before me as so many mouldering monuments of the triumph of sin. Dread tyrant! how long wilt thou wield thy cruel sceptre over the fairest portions of

the earth—filling them with tears, and misery and blood? But thy triumph will be short. The last great battle will soon be fought, when the trump of victory shall echo and reëcho through the earth, and all heaven hear the glad acclaim: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

In ushering in this glorious era, the Nestorian Christians, I doubt not, are destined to act an important part. To prepare the way for this end, and to aid in marshalling them for the conflict, was the object of my visit to their mountain-fastnesses, and I trust the time is near when these strong-holds will be entered by the heralds of salvation, and a host of these hardy sons of the mountains be enlisted in the armies of Immanuel.

As you may well suppose, my visit to this heretofore inaccessible region—to this wonderful people—to these lost sheep of the house of Israel—was full of exciting interest. It seems as though God had, for some great end, raised around them walls of adamant, and kept them as in the pavilion of the Most High. Here in their munition of rocks they have found a safe retreat from the sword of persecution, the rage and clangor of war, the strife of contending nations, and the bloody revolutions which have overturned empires and swept away millions around them from the face of the earth.

Churches which have stood more than fourteen centuries testify that the standard of the Cross was planted here at a very early day, and render plausible the traditions of the people, that they received the Gospel immediately from the apostles and primitive disciples of our

Saviour. Certainly they received it long before the days of Mohammed. The mountain Nestorians are an exceedingly brave people, always carry their rifles when they go out, and are a terror to the surrounding tribes of Koords, with some of whom they are brought in frequent collision. The mass of them are quite independent, while the smaller tribes are partially subject to the independent Hakary chief. This chief, who resides in a strong castle at Julamerk, is the same who put to death the unfortunate Shultz, and you may wonder that I visited him, or in any way put myself in his power. But I did so, and received from him the kindest treatment, and an urgent invitation to return and reside in his country. I attribute my safety in this and other cases, under God, very much to my professional character, of which I never felt so much the value as in my late tour in Koordistan. I was everywhere welcomed as a benefactor, and even in the farther extremity of the Nestorian mountains I was met by a young man, bearing in his hand a small present of honey, in testimony of his gratitude for the restoration of his sight.

ASAHEL GRANT.

OORROOMIAH, PERSIA, Jan. 14, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR:

It is just a year to-day since our dear Judith exchanged the habiliments of mortality for the bridal robe of the Lamb of God, and now she is joined by the youngest of her twin daughters, our sweet Mary, whose lovely form we are about to deposit by the side of her mother's remains, where they will await together the resurrection morn.

What a weary, changing world is this! 'Tis not our home. But oh! what attractions has heaven, when the dearest objects of earth are added to the effulgent glories of the Saviour's presence, to raise our affections on high; and how interesting is the little spot of earth where repose those loved ones with whom we shared that ardent affection which will receive its full perfection in those realms of bliss, where parting is no more! But around the grave of our Judith are strewed charms of peculiar interest to every friend of that blessed cause to which she devoted her life in this far distant land. It is the grave of the first Protestant missionary who has rested from her labors in Persia—the first seal of love to the Nestorian Church.

The lamented Henry Martyn, whose memory sheds a sacred halo over this land, ended his weary pilgrimage among another people. The grave of Mrs. Grant is a monument of what American Christians have attempted for Persia, and a pledge that the cause of Zion in that land will never be forgotten in their prayers. The interesting character of the Nestorian Christians, and the consequent promise of the field in which she labored; the zeal and fidelity with which she toiled for their welfare, and the cordial affection with which her memory is cherished by all who knew her, and especially by those who received instruction from her lips or relief from her hands in the hour of suffering; are circumstances upon which I need not dwell. The place of her sepulture is within the outer inclosure or court of a Christian Church, where, for many centuries, the lamp of truth, if not of vital piety, has been kept burning, though with a dim and

flickering light. It is the Church of Mary, the mother of Jesus; and you may be interested to learn the tradition of the Nestorians regarding its history. They are confident of the truth of the general belief that Ooroomiah was the residence of the renowned Zoroaster, the reformer of that primitive system of idolatry which found a God in the sun, moon, and stars, and the unextinguished fires on their holy altars. Zoroaster, say the Nestorians, was a disciple of Jeremiah, and having learned from him the promised advent of the Messiah, he taught it to his followers, assuring them that directed by his star they would be the first to pay him reverence.

As their tradition is remarkably corroborated by Abulpharagius, I will quote his language: "Zeradusht (Zoroaster,) the preceptor of the Magi, taught the Persians concerning the manifestations of Christ, and ordered them to bring gifts to him in token of their reverence and submission. He declared that in the latter days a pure virgin should conceive, and that as soon as the child was born a star would appear, blazing, even at noonday, with undiminished lustre. "You, my sons," exclaimed the venerable seer, "will perceive its rising before any other nation. As soon, therefore, as you shall see the star, follow it whithersoever it shall lead you, and adore the mysterious child—offering your gifts to him with the profoundest humility. He is the Almighty WORD, which created the heavens." "It came to pass," say the Nestorians, "as Zoroaster predicted. The Magi ('wise men') of Persia, were the first to discover the promised star: and, in obedience to their prophet, they hastened to pay their devotions to the new-born King. They took

with them gold as a suitable present, if he were an earthly king; but as they had been apprized of his celestial character, they also brought frankincense and myrrh, which they were accustomed to burn as a perfume in their religious adoration." On their return to the native abode of their prophet at Ooroomiah, they brought with them some of the swaddling clothes of the incarnate Divinity, which were subsequently used as a sacred relic in consecrating the first Christian Church of this land, which they named in honor of the blessed mother Mary, (Nana Mariam,) where now repose the ashes of our much-loved Judith; whose exemplary life and triumphant death may yet be blessed in rekindling a sacred light in this sanctuary of the living God. On one side have been deposited the remains of the youngest son of the Rev. Justin Perkins; on the other we have now interred our lovely Mary. Over the grave is a solid oblong block of white marble, with the following simple inscription in English and Syriac:

MRS. JUDITH S. GRANT,
DIED JANUARY 14, 1839,
Æ 25.
"She hath done what she could."—Mark xiv. 8.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

Soon after the death of Mrs. Grant, Doctor Grant received instructions from the Board of Missions to proceed into Mesopotamia to form a station among the Nestorians, dwelling, as was supposed, on the west of the central mountains of Koordistan. It was hoped, by this means, that access might be found to the main body of Nestorian Christians, dwelling in the fastnesses of the mountains.

It was in pursuance of such instructions, that Doctor Grant undertook that journey, which resulted in his gaining access direct to that region where, for ages, the Independent Nestorians had dwelt.

The late dreadful massacre of this people by the surrounding Koords, has given a melancholy interest to their history. "The Koords," says Doctor Grant, "to whom frequent allusion will be made, are a warlike race of people, inhabiting the mountainous country between Persia and Turkey—the ancient Gordian or Carduchian mountains—and divided nominally between those two empires; but their more principal tribes have seldom acknowledged more than a nominal allegiance to either of their governments, and some of them, as those of Hakary, have maintained an entire independence. A part of them are nomads, living in tents, and part of them stationary tenants of villages; but all, more or less, given to predatory habits. Their religion is professedly the faith of Islam."

This journey was a most interesting one. After traversing the great plain of Mesopotamia, and passing over the ruins of Nineveh, Doctor Grant arrived, on the 8th of October, 1839, at the town of Akra, on the borders of the mountains, and here we commence our extracts from his narrative.

About three P. M., we approached the romantic little town of Akra, embosomed in gardens and fruit orchards, which, for beauty, variety, and fertility, are unrivalled even in the East. For a mile before reaching the town, our path was embowered in arbors of pomegranates, blending their golden and crimsoned hues, contrasted with the rich green olive, and the more luscious but humble fig, and interspersed with the peach, apricot, plum, and cherry; while the unpretending blackberry lined our avenue, and held out its fruit for me to gather while seated upon my saddle. It was the first fruit of the kind I had seen since leaving the shores of my native land, and it was welcomed as a friend of my early days, bringing with it the tender recollections of "home, sweet home!"

This delightful rural scenery, is strikingly contrasted with the bold and bare rocks of the main range of the Koordish mountains, that rise abruptly from the foot of the town, which is overlooked by the now ruined castle, perched upon one of the nearest and most precipitous cliffs, once their "rock of defence." The castle had just been demolished by the Turks, who carried the rebellious chief a prisoner to Bagdad, and placed another Koord of the same ancient family over the district of Amadieh. To visit this chief, and secure his protection while in his territory, was the occasion of my visit to Akra, which required about two days' ride farther than the direct route from Mosul to Amadieh by the way of Elkösh or Dehook. But I had no reason to regret the extension of my journey.

The pasha welcomed me with all the politeness of the most polished Oriental, or, I should rather say, Persian, for he had nothing of the stiff hauteur of the Turk. He rose from his carpet as I entered the tent, and gave me a seat by his side. But scarcely had the first compliments been exchanged, when he held out his hand for me to feel his pulse, saying that he had long been ill, and he regarded my visit as a special favor from God; at the same time tendering me a pressing invitation to remain with him some days. As he spoke Turkish and Persian fluently, as well as his native Koordish, I found no difficulty for the want of a medium of communication; and we conversed freely upon a variety of topics. But, when at length he spoke of the fallen fortunes of his family, which claims descent from the Abbasside caliphs of Bagdad, and till recently, as he affirmed, had held independent sway over no less than twelve hundred villages in these mountains, I could not but regard the topic as one of great delicacy, especially as what we should say might be carried by the birds of the air to the now dominant authorities, where nothing but evil could be the result. I

therefore evaded a direct reply, and changed the conversation by deserved encomiums upon the charms of the scenery by which we were surrounded; for this chief was spending the early part of autumn in his tents, amid the enchanting gardens I have mentioned, while two beautiful rivulets murmured through the vales on either side. Just then, a fine little son of the chief, scarcely eight years of age, came in with a smiling face, bearing in his hand a large pomegranate, which he had used as a mark, and perforated by a ball from his rifle. A suitable present was immediately ordered for the young marksman by the chief, who appeared much delighted with this proof of his son's proficiency in the most essential element of a Koord's education.

To handle skilfully the instruments of death, and bound fearlessly over the roughest ground on their fiery steeds, are the highest accomplishments with these bold mountaineers. Some knowledge of letters is also acquired by the men of rank, and there are instances of females learning to read the Koran. Indeed, the Koords often manifest an inquisitiveness for general information that indicates a disposition for improvement truly encouraging; and they may yet prove a most hopeful class for missionary enterprise. By their Turkish neighbors, they are often called by an appellation which signifies "half Mohammedan," as if it was believed that they are less attached to their religion than the Turks.

Before I took leave of the chief, he gave to the cavass from Mosul a receipt for my safe delivery into his hands, with just the same formality as though I had been a bale of goods; and he would be held equally accountable for my safety while in the bounds of his jurisdiction; as he is immediately responsible to the pasha of Mosul. He then ordered a young Koord in attendance to be ready to accompany me on my departure.

I remained two nights in Akra, and, by invitation, spent the second evening with the local Turkish Governor from Mosul, who had indulged so freely in brandy, to counteract the deleterious effects of the bad water, as he alleged, that he was fast verging upon delirium tremens. To calm his perturbed spirits, he had called together about twenty of the chief citizens, while a skilful musician had taken the place of David before Saul, to dispel the evil spirit by the soft, soothing strains of the harp. It was an instrument of seventy-two strings (or wires,) of which sixty-four were remaining, and the music was altogether harmonious and agreeable.

Akra was once the seat of one of the numerous schools of the Nestorians; but the only remains of this sect in the district are to be

found scattered through some twenty or more villages, some of which I afterward visited. Those in the town have become Chaldeans, (i. e. papists,) and they and the Jacobite Syrians have each a Church excavated from the rocks of the mountain. They scarcely number thirty households in the town, and one of their priests told me that he was quite dependant on his own exertions for subsistence. The whole population may amount to two thousand souls. In the district the Chaldeans are more numerous than the Nestorians. Just over the mountains, in Zebârri, are a few Nestorian villages, subject to the Koords. On the other side of the river Zâb, which is about ten or twelve miles to the east, there are some Chaldean and Nestorian Christians, subject to the bey of Ravendoos. But it is impossible to gain accurate statistical information in such a country, without remaining sometime with the people.

Oct. 10.—Before entering the difficult mountains I was about to traverse, I sold my last horse ; and, mounting on a hardy mule which I had hired, I set off at sunrise, and for ten or twelve miles pursued a westerly course along the foot of the main range of mountains. I then entered a pass to the north, which brought me to the river Hazir, which I followed to near its source, a few miles west of the fortress of Amâdieh, where I arrived on the third day from Akra. The road through Zebârri is more direct, but it is also more difficult, and the Koords were not in the most peaceable mood.

On the first day from Akra I passed three or four Nestorian villages, the largest of which had a population of nearly one thousand souls; also a village inhabited by Jews, speaking the Nestorian language; and at night we lodged in a Koordish hamlet, where the people had a blood-feud with another village through which we passed, and which lay in sight. Three men had been killed from one of them, and only two from the other, and now the former were trying to make up the balance by deliberately murdering their neighbors ; and thus the quarrel would finally be settled. Our road was rough and our fare coarse, but we had occasion for gratitude that we were kept in safety.

Amâdieh is pleasantly situated in an extensive opening or undulating plain between the mountains. The district is fertile in grain and fruit. The wheat is good and abundant, and the grapes are among the finest I have seen. The raisins made from them are an article of export, and are celebrated as the best brought into Persia. The climate is deemed insalubrious, and successive wars have made sad havoc among the unfortunate population, who greatly need a good and stable government.

The town, or, more properly, the fortress of Amâdieh, is situated on the level summit of a very precipitous mountain or mass of rock, which rises, as I judged, nearly a thousand feet above the plain, and, being entirely insulated and distant from the surrounding mountains, it is regarded as quite impregnable. I ascended by a circuitous and difficult footpath, and entered the town at two o'clock P. M., October 12th, after answering the challenge of the heavy-armed soldiers who kept the gate. The town is garrisoned by Turkish soldiers, whose commanding officer is made immediately responsible to the pasha of Môsul. The Koordish chief of the province of Amâdieh has no access to the fortress. This is an important precautionary measure on the part of the Turks, who, by demolishing the castle at Akra, and placing a foreign garrison in this more important fortress in the centre of the district, have completely put it out of the power of the Koords to throw off the Turkish yoke, unless under some special turn of fortune.

This will prove a great advantage to our prospective labors among the Mountain Nestorians; for, so long as there is a responsible control exercised over the Koords by the Turkish government, the way to the independent Nestorian Christians beyond is entirely open; and hence I cannot but regard the changes that have taken place here as peculiarly favorable to the prospect of extending our labors into that interesting field.

The town I found almost depopulated by wars consequent on the invasion of the Ravendoos Koords; and of one thousand houses, only two hundred and fifty are inhabited. Most of the remaining three-fourths, and a part of the public markets, have been torn down or much dilapidated, and are now the noisome receptacles of filth and ordure. This general scene of desolation was not a little heightened by the sallow visages of the few remaining inmates, and of the soldiery, who were suffering severely from intermittent fevers and other bilious affections; not, as they affirmed, entirely the effect of bad water, but rather, as appeared to be more probable, of the filthy and ruinous state of the town. I found the civil governor and the military commander both seriously ill, and to them my visit was most welcome.

I spent a quiet Sabbath at Amâdieh, having given previous notice that I would attend to the sick on Monday morning. There are about one hundred families of Jews in the place, who cannot be distinguished by their appearances or language from the Nestorians; and so complete was the deception, that my Nestorian attendants began to chide some of them for working on Sunday, supposing them to be of

their own people; until, after considerable conversation, we were informed that they were not Christians, but Jews. There are little more than a hundred Nestorians in the town, as most of this people live in the surrounding villages. More than half of them have become papists (Chaldeans,) and there are not now more than two or three thousand Nestorians in this district; but they are more numerous in the adjoining district of Berwer, bordering on the river Habor (Khaboor) on the north.

This river rises near Jûlamerk, and flows within about ten hours' walk of this place, while the waters of the Zâb are visible from the ramparts of the fortress about ten miles to the east. This is very different from what is represented even in our best maps, and I found other geographical errors quite as great. I also discovered that the greater Zâb and Hakary rivers are one stream instead of two, as put down on our maps.* Such errors, though very remarkable, are not so surprising as they otherwise would be, when we consider that no foreigner had ever before explored the country into which I was now entering.

Monday was spent in attendance upon the sick, in general intercourse with the people, and preparations for the continuance of my journey. I gave medicine to forty or fifty of the soldiers, and received the warmest thanks of the governor, who made me his guest. He said it was God who had sent me for their relief, when they had neither physician to prescribe nor medicine to alleviate their sufferings.

The Nestorian priest lamented the low state to which their Church had been reduced, and said he feared that the people, in their gross ignorance, would fall a sacrifice to the wiles of the papists; who, he had been told, were about to make more vigorous efforts than ever to convert the whole of his people to Romanism. He told a sad tale of

* The following notice of this discovery is from the pen of Colonel Sheil, her Britannic majesty's chargé d'affaires at the court of Persia, to whom I am indebted for the kindest aid in the prosecution of my tour.

"I have taken the liberty to send your letter to the secretary of the Geographical Society in England, which I trust will not be disagreeable to you. It appeared to me desirable that you should bring to the notice of that body that you had established two facts which they felt an anxiety to ascertain: I mean, the identity of the greater Zâb and Hakary rivers; and whether the Bitlis-Soo and Khaboor were different rivers. M'Donald Kinneir asserts that the Bitlis-Soo is the same as the Khaboor, while Rich states that the former falls into the Tigris not far from Siert, and that the latter rises north of Amâdieh. You have proved that Rich was in the right."

This discovery has since been published in the Literary Magazine in London, and in other English periodicals.

their past efforts and success, stating that his own father was bastinadoed to compel him to become a Roman Catholic!

The papists in Mesopotamia have assured me that no effort will be spared to convert the whole of the Nestorian Church to their faith; and this report is confirmed by letters since received from Bagdad, one of which says that three bishops and priests, educated at the Propaganda, were "about going to Mosul to hold a convention to devise measures to bring over all the Nestorians to the Romish faith!" There must be a final struggle with "the man of sin," and it must be boldly and promptly met. With God and truth on our side, we have nothing to fear, if the Church will come up to her duty. The Nestorians have nobly stood their ground, and they are still upon the watch-tower. As I approached their mountain fastness, their first inquiry was to know whether I was a "*Catoleek;*" declaring that they would not permit these "wolves in sheep's clothing" to enter their country. Hitherto they have prevented the emissaries of Rome from entering their mountains. But the latter are looking with eagerness to this interesting field; and, while they are extending their labors in the East, no effort will be spared to spread their influence among the mountain tribes. Will Protestant Christians, to whom the Nestorians are stretching out their hands for help, suffer the golden harvest to fall into the garner of the pope?

Oct. 15.—I proceeded at an early hour toward the borders of the independent Nestorian country. Their nearest villages are about twelve hours distant; but some of their men cultivate a portion of the border district of Dûree, where one of their bishops resides, about six or seven hours from Amâdieh. I engaged mules to this place, but they could not be brought to the town, lest the government officers should seize them for their own use, without making any remuneration for their services. I therefore descended from the fortress on foot. The priest kindly sent his brother to introduce me to the bishop at Dûree, and I found his presence important.

My Koordish cavass from the chief at Akra was still with me; but he was very reluctant to proceed, lest he should fall into the hands of some of the independent Nestorians, who are represented as a most formidable race of people. The most extravagant stories are told of them, and it is said that, when any of them come to Amâdieh to trade, they are not allowed to remain in the town over night, lest they should obtain possession of the fortress. They are regarded as almost invincible, and are represented as having the power of vanquishing their enemies by some magical spell in their looks. On one occasion

they came and drove away the flocks of the Koords from under the very walls of Amâdieh, in return for some aggression upon themselves. And when the Ravendoos Koords, after subduing all the surrounding region, threatened their country, the Nestorians are said to have seized six or seven of the Koords, cut off their heads, and hung them up over a narrow bridge which led to their district, as a warning to the Koords who might attempt to invade them. That such stories are told and believed by their Moslem neighbors is sufficient evidence of the terror inspired by their name.

"To the borders of their country," said the vigorous pasha of Môsul, "I will be responsible for your safety; you may put gold upon your head, and you will have nothing to fear; but I warn you that I can protect you no farther. Those mountain infidels (Christians) acknowledge neither pashas nor kings, but, from time immemorial, every man has been his own king!" To the borders of their country I therefore required the attendance of the cavass as a protection against the Koords, and we set out, through a bold rocky defile, over the wild mountains on the north and northeast.

As we approached the village of Dûree, after a toilsome ride of seven hours over the rough mountain passes, we were hailed by several of the Mountain Nestorians from the independent district of Tiyâry, who demanded who we were, what we wanted, whither going, &c.; and the demand was repeated by each successive party we passed, till finally the cry seemed to issue from the very rocks over our head, "Who are you? whence do you come? what do you want?" A cry so often repeated in the deep Syriac gutturals of their stentorian voices, was not a little startling: and then their bold bearing, and a certain fierceness of expression, and spirited action and intonation of voice, with the scrutinizing inquiry whether we were Catholics, or bad men whom they might rob, (as one inquired of our Nestorian guide) bereft my poor cavass of the little courage that had sustained him thus far; and he manifested so much real alarm, that I yielded to his earnest request, and dismissed him as soon as we reached the house of the bishop, who assured me that his presence was no longer desirable.

The people soon satisfied themselves of my character and friendly intentions, and finding that I spoke their language, seemed to regard me as one of their own people, and gathered around me in the most friendly manner, but without that familiar sycophancy so common among the Christian subjects of Persia and Turkish dominion. The next day they came from all directions for medical aid. One man became quite alarmed at being made sick by an emetic; but, when

it was over, such was his relief that he wanted some more of the same medicine; and others, instead of asking me to prescribe for them, often asked for "*derman d'mortha*," or medicine for bile.

The bishop, who is a most patriarchal personage, with a long white beard, was very cordial, and took me into his venerable Church—a very ancient structure, made by enlarging a natural cave by means of heavy stone walls in front of the precipitous rock. It stood far up on the side of the mountain, and within, it was dark as midnight.

The attentive old bishop took my hand and guided it to a plain stone cross which lay upon the altar, supposing I would manifest my veneration or devotional feelings after their own custom, by pressing it to my lips. I must confess that there is something affecting in this simple outward expression, as practiced by the Nestorians, who mingle with it none of the image worship, or other corrupt observances of the Roman Catholic Church. May it not be that the abuse of such symbols by the votaries of the Roman see has carried us Protestants to the other extreme, when we utterly condemn the simple memento of the cross? The old bishop sleeps in his solitary church, so as to be in readiness to attend his devotions before daylight in the morning; and he was much gratified by the present of a box of loco-focos which I gave him to ignite his lamp. A number of bee-hives, the property of the Church, were kept here, and the honey from them was regarded as peculiarly valuable. It was certainly very fine. Red squirrels were skipping among the black-walnut trees; the first of the squirrel tribe I had seen in the East.

Iron mines, under the control of the Koordish chief, are wrought by the Nestorians near this place, and lead mines are numerous in the Nestorian country beyond.

Dûree is nominally subject to the Turkish government, and immediately responsible to the Koordish chief of Berwer, a sub-chief of Amâdieh.

A high range of mountains still separated me from the proper country of the independent Nestorians. At Môsul I was strongly advised not to venture into their country until I should send, and obtain an escort from the patriarch; but, after mature consideration and free consultation with the bishop, I resolved to proceed at once; for by this course I might gain the good-will of the Nestorians from the confidence I evinced in them, and also save eight or ten days' delay; a consideration of some importance on the eve of winter among these lofty mountains. The bishop volunteered to send an intelligent young Nestorian with me, and two others went to bring back the mules from Lezân, which

is the first village of the independent tribe of Tiyary, the nearest, and by far the most powerful of the mountain tribes.

To enable me to secure a footing, where, as I was told, I could neither ride on my mule nor walk with shoes, so precipitous was the mountain, I exchanged my wide Turkish boots for the bishop's sandals. These were wrought with hair cord in such a manner as to defend the sole of the foot, and enable the wearer to secure a foothold where he might, without such protection, be hurled down the almost perpendicular mountain sides.

Thus equipped in native style, I set off on the 18th, at an early hour in the morning; and, after a toilsome ascent of an hour and a half, I found myself at the summit of the mountain, where a scene indescribably grand was spread out before me. The country of the independent Nestorians opened before my enraptured vision like a vast amphitheatre of wild, precipitous mountains, broken with deep, dark-looking defiles and narrow glens, into a few of which the eye could penetrate so far as to gain a distinct view of the cheerful, smiling villages which have long been the secure abodes of the main body of the Nestorian Church. Here was the home of a hundred thousand Christians, around whom the arm of Omnipotence had reared the adamantine ramparts, whose lofty, snow-capped summits seemed to blend with the skies in the distant horizon. Here, in their munition of rocks has God preserved, as if for some great end in the economy of his grace, a chosen remnant of his ancient Church, secure from the beast and the false prophet, safe from the flames of persecution and the clangor of war. As I gazed and wondered, I seemed as if standing on Pisgah's top, and I could with a full heart exclaim,

"On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo the sacred herald stands:
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands!
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands."

I retired to a sequestered pinnacle of rock, where I could feast my vision with the sublime spectacle, and pour out my heartfelt gratitude that I had been brought at length, through many perils, to behold a country from which emanated the brightest beams of hope for the long-benighted empire of Mohammedan delusion, by whose millions of votaries I was surrounded on every side. My thoughts went back to the days when their missionaries were spread abroad throughout the East, and for more than a thousand years continued to plant and sustain the

standard of the Cross through the remote and barbarous countries of Central Asia, Tartary, Mongolia, and China; to the time when, as tradition and history alike testify, the Gospel standard was reared in these mountains by apostles' hands; for it was not from Nestorius, but from Thomas, Bartholomew, Thaddeus, and others, that this people first received the knowledge of a Saviour, as will be seen in the sequel.

I looked at them in their present state, sunk down into the ignorance of semi-barbarism, and the light of vital piety almost extinguished upon their altars, and my heart bled for their condition. But hope pointed her radiant wand to brighter scenes, when all these glens, and rocks, and vales shall echo and re-echo to the glad praises of our God; and, like a morning star, these Nestorians shall arise to usher in a glorious and resplendent day. But, ere that bright period shall arrive, there is a mighty work to be done—a conflict with the powers of darkness before the shout of victory. Let us arm this brave band for the contest.

Onward to the work! and onward I sped my course down the steep declivity of the mountain, now cautiously climbing over the rocks which obstructed our course, now resting my weary limbs under the inviting shade of a wild pear-tree, and anon, mounted on my hardy mule, winding along our narrow zigzag pathway over the mountain spurs, and down, far down to the banks of the rolling, noisy, dashing Zab. Here lay one of the large, populous villages of the independent Nestorians, which extended amid fertile gardens for more than a mile in length.

What reception shall I meet from these wild sons of the mountain, who have never seen the face of a foreigner before? How will they regard the helpless stranger thrown so entirely upon their mercy? One breath of suspicion might blast my fondest hopes. But God was smiling upon the work in which I was engaged; prayer had been heard, and the way was prepared before me in a manner so wonderful that I can hardly forbear repeating the account, though already made public.

The only person I had ever seen from this remote tribe was a young Nestorian, who came to me about a year before, entirely blind. He said he had never expected to see the light of day, till my name had reached his country, and he had been told that I could restore his sight. With wonderful perseverance, he had gone from village to village seeking some one to lead him by the hand, till, in the course of five or six weeks, he had reached my residence at Ooroomiah, where

I removed the cataract from his eyes, and he returned to his mountains seeing. Scarcely had I entered the first village in his country, when this young man, hearing of my approach, came with a smiling countenance, bearing in his hand a present of honey, in token of his gratitude for the restoration of his sight, and affording me an introduction to the confidence and affections of his people.

I was invited to the residence of the chief man of the village, whose house was built, after the common style of the country, of stone laid in mud, with flat terrace roof; having a basement and second story, with two or three apartments in each. We were seated upon the floor in "a large upper room," which serves as the guest-chamber and the family room in summer, but is too open to be comfortable in winter. Food was placed before us in a very large wooden bowl, placed upon the skin of a wild goat or ibex, which was spread upon the carpet with the hair side down, and served as a table and cloth. Bread made of millet, baked in the manner of the Virginia hoecake, but not so palatable, was laid round the edge of our goat-skin table, and a large wooden spoon provided for each one of the party, eight or ten in number, to help himself out of the common dish. The people here less generally eat with their fingers than do those of Persia.

Whenever the goatskin was brought forward, I noticed that it contained the fragments of bread left at the previous meals, and was told, on inquiry, that this singular custom was observed in obedience to our Saviour's injunction, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," and also that they might retain the blessing which had been pronounced by a priest upon former repasts; because the service, being in the ancient language, is only intelligible to the clergy, and cannot be properly performed by the laity.

The women did not eat with the men, but, instead of receiving what they left, as is very common in the East, a portion was reserved for the females, and, in all respects, they were treated with more consideration, and regarded more as companions than in most Asiatic countries.

Till evening they were constantly occupied in their various employments, within or out of the house, and in many respects remarkably exemplified Solomon's description of a virtuous woman, even in their method of spinning (Prov., xxxi., 19,) literally holding their distaffs in their hands, while they give their long wooden spindles a twirl with the other hand, and then lay hold of it to wind up their thread; for they use no wheel. They clothe their household in scarlet or striped cloth, made of wool and resembling Scotch tartan, of a beautiful and substantial texture.

The women appear to be neat, industrious, and frugal, and they are remarkably chaste, without the false affectation of modesty too often seen in these countries. Two of the young married women in the house came forward in the evening, and, in the presence of their husbands, joined in our social visit. Each of them, at my request, gave me a brass ring from her wrist to show to our American ladies, regarding whose customs they made many inquiries. Like others of their people, they were the most surprised that our ladies should negotiate their own matrimonial engagements, and that their fathers should give them in marriage without receiving a dowry in payment for their daughters. Their dress is neat and becoming; they braid their hair, and wear but few ornaments. Their form is graceful, their expression agreeable, and their complexion (except that it is sometimes affected by more exposure to the sun and the smoke of their dwellings) as fair as that of most Europeans.

Grapes, figs, and pomegranates I found among their fruits in the lower villages on the river, where rice is also cultivated, to the great detriment of health. Apples and other northern fruits are found in the higher villages. Wheat is little cultivated for want of space, but it is brought from Amádieh in exchange for honey and butter.

> "The sound of the church going bell,
> These valleys and rocks never heard."

Oct. 20.—SABBATH. A thin piece of board was struck rapidly with a mallet, to call the villagers to Church at the rising of the sun. Each person, on entering, put off his shoes, and testified his reverence for the sanctuary of God by kissing the doorposts or threshold, and passed on to kiss the Gospels lying upon the altar, then the Cross, and finally the hand of his religious teacher.

The Church, like all I saw in the mountains, was a very solid stone edifice, with arched roof, and might stand for ages. Others that I saw had stood for more than fourteen centuries, according to their ancient records. For the narrow door (which would not admit a man without much stooping) the usual explanation was given, "Strait is the gate," &c., a truth of which they wished to be reminded when entering the sanctuary. The prayers and the singing or chanting of the psalms were all in the ancient Syriac language, and quite unintelligible to the common people; but one of the priests read a portion of the Gospels, and gave the translation into the vulgar Syriac spoken by the Nestorians; and this constituted the preaching. Sometimes the reading is accompanied by some explanations or legendary stories, of which they have many.

It was a sacramental occasion; and the bread and wine were consecrated in the sanctuary or "holy place" of the Church, and then brought out by a priest and a deacon, while each member of the Church went forward in rotation and partook of a small piece of the bread from the hand of the priest, who held a napkin to prevent any particles from falling, as he put the morsel into the mouth of the communicant; and then he drank of the wine, which was held with great care by the deacon, so that not a drop should be spilled. But there was none of that idolatrous adoration of the host, so characteristic of the mass of the Romanists and of the other Oriental churches. On the contrary, there was almost Scriptural simplicity in the observance of this solemn ordinance.

The priest who had officiated in the prayers and instruction of the congregation first partook of the sacred elements, and then invited me to partake. Hitherto I had never partaken of this ordinance with the Nestorians; but to have declined under present circumstances would have done as much injustice to my own feelings as to theirs. For many months I had not been privileged with coming to the table of the Lord: God had in great mercy preserved me through many perils, and brought me among a people who had received the Gospel from the apostles and immediate disciples of our Saviour, and had preserved its doctrines with a great degree of purity; and though there was painful evidence of a great want of spiritual life, I was encouraged to hope that some almost smothered sparks of vital piety were still burning upon these altars. I could not but regard it as a branch of the true Church of God, though immersed in the darkness of gross ignorance, superstition, and spiritual torpor, yet not of death. But there was still much in their character and circumstances of deep and lively interest; my heart was drawn out toward them in warm affection; and seldom have I commemorated the dying love of Christ under circumstances more deeply interesting, than among these primitive Christians, in the wild mountains of ancient Assyria.

There was great stillness and propriety of deportment in the congregation, and all retired without noise or confusion. In passing out, each person received at the door a very thin *leaf* of bread, rolled together, and inclosing a morsel of meat. This was the "love feast" of the early Christians of the first and second centuries.*

Several of the people then went to the house of the Church steward, and partook of a more substantial but plain repast, retiring soon after

* Mosheims's Eccl. Hist., vol. i., p. 54.

to their houses, or calling upon their more immediate friends. The day was observed with far more propriety than I have seen among other Christians of the East. There was a general stillness throughout the village, such as I have noticed in few places in more highly-favored lands. There was no noisy merriment, no attention to secular business; and the social intercourse of the people was nothing more than what was practiced in the ancient Hebrew Church. Formerly they are said to have regarded the Christian Sabbath with so much sacredness, as to put to death persons for travelling on that holy day.

In the evening many of the people again assembled for worship at the Church, and morning and evening prayers are offered there through the whole week. But, unlike what I have seen anywhere else in the East, many of the people say their prayers in their own dwellings, instead of going to the Church during the week; and a small wooden cross may be seen hanging from a post for them to kiss before prayers; a practice which they regard as a simple expression of love to Christ, and faith in his death and atonement. The Cross, however, is not considered in any sense as an object of religious worship.

After spending several weeks in this region and forming an intimate acquaintance with the patriarch, Dr. Grant set out on his return to Ooroomiah.

Instead of retracing my long and weary route, I resolved, after much deliberation, to proceed through the country of the Hakary Koords, by way of Salmas, to Ooroomiah. This would require me to visit the Koordish chief who had put to death the unfortunate Shultz. If I could secure his confidence and favor, it would be an important acquisition in connection with our missionary prospects among the mountain Nestorians, and perhaps open a safe channel of communication between them and the station at Ooroomiah. In anticipation of such a visit, I had provided myself with letters from the Turkish and Persian authorities. The patriarch also kindly offered to send one of his brothers to introduce me in person. Learning that Shultz had fallen a victim to the jealousy and cupidity of the Koords, I took special care not to awaken these dominant passions of a semi-barbarous people.

My scanty scrip contained little more than medicines, and these I hoped, in any event, to be able to retain. To provide for the contingency of losing my purse, I had secured some small gold coin in the centre of a roll of blister salve. I had no other articles which I was unwilling to expose. I visited none of their mines on my route; and,

though passing through a most interesting geological region, I procured scarcely a single specimen, lest the ignorant Koords should suppose I had come to spy out their land with ulterior designs, as was intimated in the case of Shultz. I was also careful to avoid his habit of noting observations in public, and I took the bearings of my compass unobserved.

With such precautionary measures as these, I made my arrangements to proceed on my way. The parting scene was truly Oriental. The patriarch presented me with a pair of scarlet *shalwars*, the wide trowsers of the country, trimmed with silk, and one of the ancient manuscripts of his library. It was the New Testament, written on parchment seven hundred and forty years ago, in the old Estrangelo character. His favorite sister Helena furnished us with a store of provisions sufficient for a week, and sent me a pair of warm mittens, made by her own hands from the soft goat's-hair of the country.

Finally, a thousand blessings were invoked upon my head, and ardent wishes were expressed that I might return with associates, and commence among these mountains a similar work to that in which we were engaged upon the plain. Our last repast was finished, the parting embrace was given, and I set off toward the residence of Noorolâh Bey, the famous chief of the independent Hakary Koords. He had removed from his castle at Jûlamerk, the capital, and was now living at the castle of Bash-Kalleh, nearly two days' journey from the residence of the patriarch.

A report that robbers were on the road occasioned some alarm as I pursued my way along the banks of the Zâb. But no robbers made their appearance; and I passed on without molestation to the strongly-fortified castle of the chief, which was distinctly visible, long before we reached it, from the mountain spur on which it rests.

Most unexpectedly, I found the chief upon a sick-bed. He had taken a violent cold about three days before my arrival, which had brought on inflammation and fever. I gave him medicine, and bled him, and then retired to my lodgings in the town, at the foot of the mountain on which the castle was built.

In the evening the chief sent down word that he was very sick, and he desired that I should do something to relieve him immediately. I sent him word by his messenger that he must have patience, and wait the effects of the medicines I had given him. About midnight the messenger came again, saying that the chief was still very ill, and wished to see me. I obeyed the call promptly, following the long, winding pathway that led up to the castle. We entered the outer

court through wide, iron-cased folding doors. A second iron door opened into a long dark alley, which conducted to the room where the chief was lying. It was evident that he was becoming impatient; and, as I looked upon the swords, pistols, guns, spears, and daggers—the ordinary furniture of a Koordish castle—which hung around the walls of the room, I could not but think of the fate of the unfortunate Shultz, who had fallen, as it is said, by the orders of this sanguinary chief. He had the power of life and death in his hands. I knew I was entirely at his mercy; but I felt that I was under the guardian care of One who had the hearts of kings in his keeping. With a fervent aspiration for His guidance and blessing, I told the chief it was apparent that the means I had used were producing a good effect, though he needed more powerful medicine, which, for a time, would make him worse instead of better; that I could administer palliatives; but, if he confided in my judgment, he would take the more severe course. He consented, and I gave him an emetic, which he promptly swallowed, after he had made some of his attendants taste of the nauseating dose to see if it was good. I remained with him during the night, and in the morning he was much relieved. He rapidly recovered, and said he owed his life to my care. I became his greatest favorite. I must sit by his side, and dip my hand in the same dish with himself. I must remain with him, or speedily return and take up my abode in his country, where he assured me I should have everything as I pleased. As I could not remain, I must leave him some of the emetics which had effected his cure.

The chief had just heard of the case of a Koordish woman, from whose eyes I removed a cataract while I was at the patriarch's residence. With a spice of the characteristic passion of her sex, she was curious to know what had been the effect of the operation, and, long before the prescribed time, she removed the bandage from her eyes. But so strange was the prospect that opened before her, that she was frightened, and immediately bound up her eyes, resolved thereafter to abide by my instructions. This story was so amusing to the chief, that he continued to divert himself by rehearsing it to his courtiers, with encomiums upon my professional skill too Oriental to repeat. He is a man of noble bearing, fine, open countenance, and he appeared to be about thirty years of age. He was very affable, and on my departure he made me a present of a horse, as an expression of his gratitude for the restoration of his health.

I now joined a small caravan, and proceeded to Salmas, and thence to Ooroomiah, where I arrived on the 7th of December, after an ab-

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